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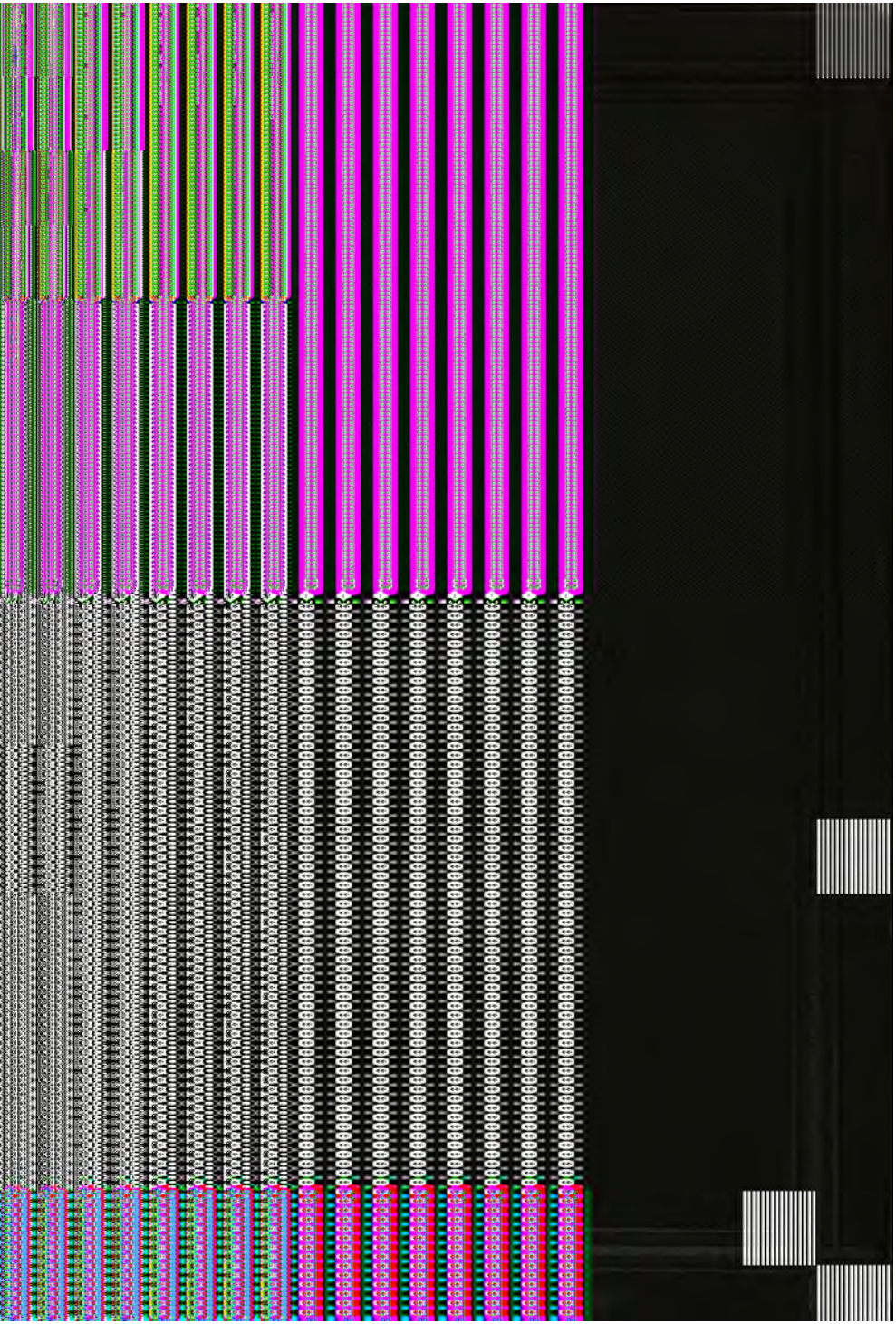
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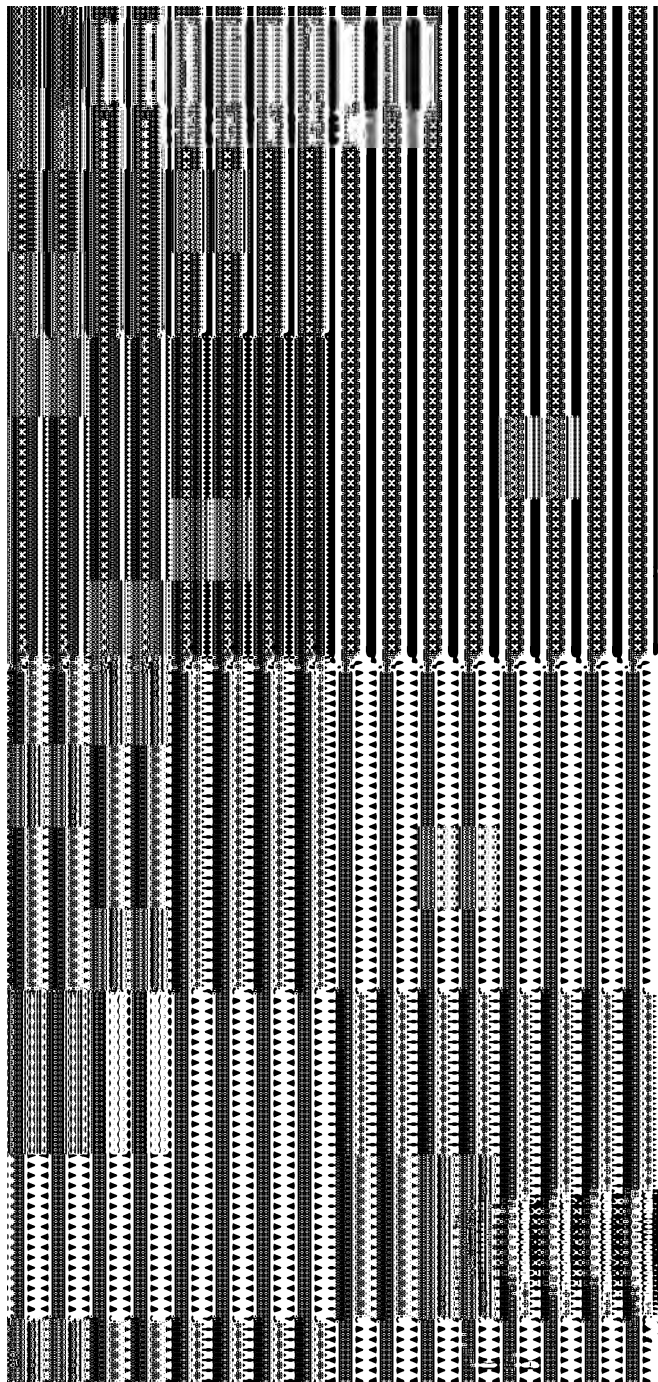
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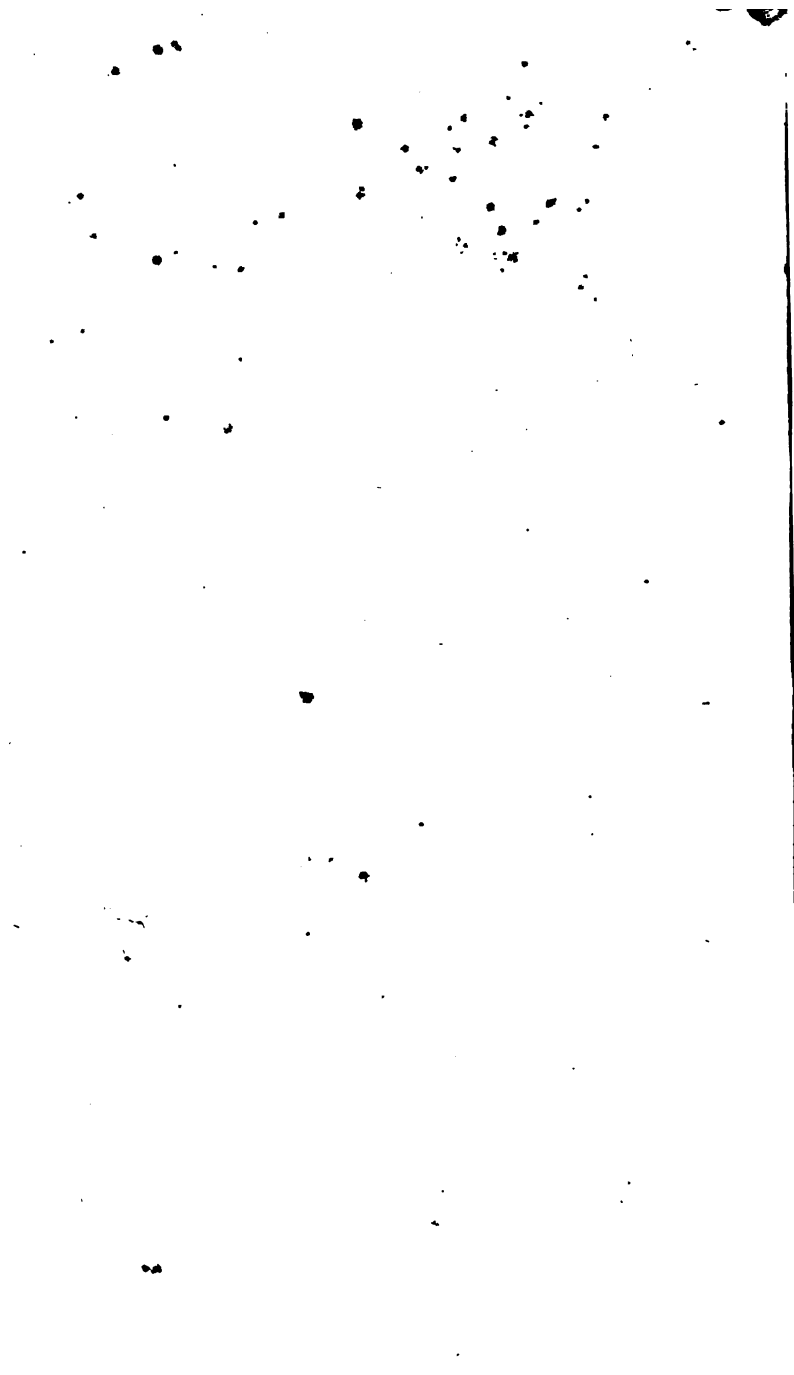
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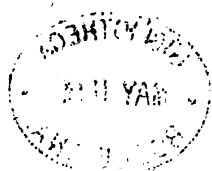




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SNATCHES OF SONG

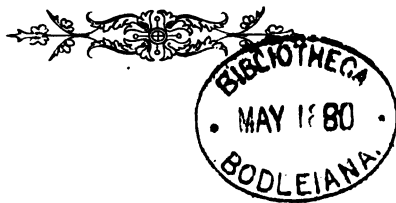




SNATCHES OF SONG.

BY

F. B. DOVETON.



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To my Wife.

GENTLE Companion on life's chequer'd way,
Through shine and storm, adversity and glee,
Whose love still deepens as we onwards stray,
These simple strains I dedicate to thee !



PREFACE.



MANY of the following pieces have appeared from time to time in various London periodicals, including *The Graphic*, *Mayfair*, *The Whitehall Review*, *Fun*, *Judy*, *Brief*, *Colbourn's New Monthly*, *Once a Week*, &c. The Parodies, with two exceptions, were submitted for competition in *The World*, and are reprinted by permission of Mr. Edmund Yates.



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SNATCHES OF SONG.

THE SKATING CARNIVAL AT KINGSTON, ONTARIO, 1865.

A BRIGHT warm light pervades the spacious rink,
And pleased spectators throng along the brink
Sweet strains of music fall upon the ear,
As one by one the characters appear—
But few at first, yet every minute swells
The motley crowd of cavaliers and belles ;
Faster and faster to the trumpet's peal
They fly around upon the ringing steel ;
Grim turban'd Turks, with houries soft and fair,
The savage Afghan, Persians, Greeks are there,
Niggers and flunkies flit by arm in arm,
And dusky dwellers 'neath the graceful palm ;
A pretty Yankee with dishevelled hair,
Who on her shield the stars and stripes doth bear ;
A little shepherdess with rustic crook,
Who for the nonce her ovine charge forsook,
Flies with her Damon o'er the crystal space
With maiden gladness on her fair young face.
Here glide by dames of good Queen Bessie's time
In ruffles starched, and stomachers sublime,
And close behind them come their dainty beaux
In well-slashed doublets, and fine silken hose.

Next, strange to say, (who'd think to see him here?)
The warrior Indian, and his squaw draw near!
(About this squaw, a curious tale is told,
That 'tis his son, a boy just twelve years old!)
And close upon them, from the realms of snow,
The sturdy trapper by his garb we know,
His trusty snow-shoes strapped across his back—
His faithful friends o'er many a snowy track.
Hamlet was there, but very much we doubt
Whether Horatio would have found him out;
A tar who rolled about in drunken glee,
And on his skates was plainly quite at sea!
A walking sugar-loaf just ten feet high,
Whose sweetness lured a crowd of little fry.
A real John Chinaman, pigtail complete,
Rich in his dress, but shaky on his feet,
Who, strange to say, and wonder as you please,
Could not croak out a sentence of Chinese!
A fair East Indian, clad in virgin white,
With flowing hair, and decked with jewels bright,
Next shoots along; a Norman Baron too,
(He said he was, so we suppose it true,)
Gay Robin Hood, and little John must close
The gorgeous list—and now a word on those
Enchanting nymphs who, linked in gay quartette,
Sailed up and down—the sight who can forget?
As painted butterflies in summer hours,
Glide in and out amid the fragrant flowers,
So did these houries skim the crystal space,
A living picture of resistless grace!
My song is o'er; that masquerade so fair,
Is also number'd with the things that were.

SLEIGH BELLS.

BRISKLY o'er the frozen snow,
Ringing, jingling, on they go
Dainty dames and fur-clad swells
To the music of the bells.

Happy subaltern shoots by
With a twinkle in his eye ;
He has got a precious freight,
Yet withal a tiny weight.

Wrapped in warm and costly furs,
And that knowing cloud of hers,
How she nestles at his side,
Very like an embryo bride !

On they fly, this happy pair,
Through the keen and bracing air,
What they say and what they do,
Matters not to me and you !

Hark, the bells ! Their music clear
Falls upon the ravish'd ear,
Mingling with the tramp of feet
On the gay and crowded street.

Sleigh bells have a cheery tone,
And a magic all their own,
And we love their merry chime,
Telling us of Christmas time.

Shooting o'er the spotless snow,
Ringing, jingling, on they go,
Every heart with rapture swells
At the music of those bells !

AN EVENTFUL SUMMER NIGHT.

It was the earlier summer time
Ere yet the stars had died away,
While still the fields were bathed in rime,
And night dews^o clung to leaf and spray,
I flung my casement open wide
And look'd out thro' the cold gray light,
As fair Aurora drew aside
The ebon curtains of the night
With rosy fingers ; as a sign
For Phæton and his fiery wain
To top the distant woods of pine,
And wake the world to life again !

Then came they forth, those coursers proud,
And bravely thro' the vaulted blue
Careering, scatter'd far a crowd
Of hateful shadows ; all that crew
That tend upon the drowsy car
Of Somnus, thro' the realms of sleep :
When all the mists that near and far
Veil'd the green dell, and mountain steep
Dissolving slowly into air,
Brought the glad prospect into view,
That look'd so glowing fresh, and fair,
All Eden seemed to live anew !

The lark from 'mid the golden grain
Sprang upwards with a burst of song,
The mavis heard the sweet refrain ;
And all the little feather'd throng
From thicket dense, and pleasant lawn,
From quiet dells, and forest aisles,
Sang out their Pæan to the Dawn,
Wreathing with melody her smiles.

I look'd o'er meadows bright with dew,
O'er woodland slopes knee-deep in bloom
Where the sweet cuckoo-flower grew ;
O'er patches too of golden broom
That lay beyond ; to where the wood
Stretch'd far away towards the hills
Where Nature lived in sterner mood,
And down whose rugged sides the rills
Came dancing in the morning ray,
To scatter freshness thro' the dells,
And there charm summer hours away,
Where Beauty's spirit ever dwells.

A stream like this now met my view,
Far off I saw its silver sheen,
As a fair dell it babbled through
Embosom'd in the friendly green
Of ash and willow ; here a turn
Would hide it from me ; then once more
It sparkled forth amid the fern,
And kiss'd the flowers as before—
Then as I gazed, my soul drank in
Such potent draughts of pure delight,
That all the past, all that had been
Seem'd merged in temporary night.

The strange mythology of Rome
Alone was present in my mind
Methought some lovely Naiad's home
Lay near that stream, whom I should find
When Twilight's shadowy mantle fell
Upon the glowing skirts of Day,
Reposing in that quiet dell
And listening to Lucinia's lay,
From a remote and secret lair,
Half-hidden by a wealth of flowers,
And I would tell my secret there,
And woo her thro' the moonlit hours.

While musing thus ; my strange desire
And passion for a Being unknown,
That seem'd my inmost soul to fire,
And banish Reason from her throne,
Grew stronger : and altho' as yet
She lived but in the shadowy land
Of sweet imaginings ; when Sol had set
Upon that day, I felt a lily hand
Would rest in mine, and balmy kisses rain
Upon my cheeks ; whilst dulcet tones and low,
To my soft words would answer make again,
Their music mingling with the streamlet's flow.

So that fair Summer Day wore on,
And as the evening-tide drew nigh,
A stronger passion seized upon
My soul : then as the western sky
Turned to a mass of burnish'd gold,
And sapphire ; when the woods grew still
As Twilight hover'd o'er the wold,
I turned my steps towards the rill.

On thro' the dim uncertain light,
Thro' paths I oft had trod by day,
But now fast fading from the sight,
I held my solitary way.
Till passing down a shadowy aisle
I heard that low melodious sound
In the dim twilight ; and awhile
Paused listening ; then with joy I found

The dell I wish'd for ; and the stream .
Danced at my feet, when Luna's ray
Smiting its ripples with her beam
Lent them a glory that by day
They knew not ; and each modest flower
That by the mossy margin grew
Borrow'd fresh beauty from the hour,
And won a rarer fragrance too.

Then glancing round, I saw the Naiad there,
As I had pictured her that very morn,
Reclining in a deep umbrageous lair
Of ferns and flowers; where no lustful faun
Or uncouth amorous Satyr might intrude
Upon her reverie; her heavenly eyes
Bent on the silvery radiance of the flood,
Seem'd pregnant with some tender mystery:
I could not read their meaning, so forbore
Attempting further; while a pitying gale
That chanced to linger by the moonlit shore

Breathed on the envious flowers that served to veil
Her beauties from me; and disclosed to view
Her perfect form and snowy rounded arm,
Half-buried in the cool delicious blue
Of clustering violets; whilst rich and warm
The golden glory of her wond'rous hair
Floated around her, reaching to her knee;
Thus she mused on beside the river there,
That peerless Being—my Love that was to be—
And then she saw me; but no sign of fear
Blanch'd the rich glow upon her fair young cheek.

A Heaven of Love was in her eyes; a tear
Dimm'd them a moment; then she tried to speak,
But could not from the fulness of her joy.
So I address'd her in a gentle tone,
And told her I had thought to find her coy
At first, and blushingly averse to own
Her passion; then her fair head drooping fell
Back on the welcome haven of my breast;
And fairy music floated down the dell
From Philomela, as her lips were prest
To mine; and in that long-drawn madd'ning kiss
There dawn'd a bright eternity of Love.
While the pure stars look'd down upon our bliss
From their dominions in the vault above.

Anon she placed her little hand in mine,
 The while the clust'ring masses of her hair
 Swept my hot cheek ; and then in tones divine
 She told her story—how, when resting there
 At dawn that day, exhausted with the chase
 Of dappled fawn thro' many a winding glade,
 She fell asleep within a little space ;
 And dream'd that as by her lov'd stream she stray'd,
 One evening, toying with her silver bow,
 And idly wreathing it with asphodels
 In pensive mood, she heard a voice below
 The crystal surface, soft as silver bells,
 Far, far beneath, but yet so sweet, and clear,
 It seemed the burden of some Syren's song ;
 And these strange words upwell'd unto her ear
 From coral groves and aqueous halls among :

“ Fair nymph, muse on—a daring mortal soon
 “ Will woo thee here ; and to his ravish'd heart
 “ Thine own will beat responsive : but the noon
 “ Of Love soon cloudeth, and the Lovers part.”
 And that was all—but as she thought, a shade
 Obscured the moonlight in the quiet dell
 That moment—and she trembling stood, afraid—
 Then down the waters that she loved so well
 Glided a bier half hidden in the gloom
 Of cypress boughs, whereon a Naiad lay
 At rest, but white and cold, in whose sad doom
 She saw her own foreshadow'd ; all dismay.
 Her sister Nymphs were floating on the wave
 Beside the bier, and chanted deep and low
 A funeral dirge, lamenting that she gave
 Her pure love to a mortal—losing so
 Her own immortal essence—then their cry
 Slowly waxed fainter, as beyond her view
 The vision passed—she felt she was to die
 And those same nymphs should sing her requiem too!
 Then she awoke, but in her gentle breast
 Thro' all that day with dark and shadowy fears

Deep joy had striven ; and she found no rest,
But watered glen and vista with her tears ;
Yet she had longed so for our tryst, she said
My face and form were imaged in her eye
Before she saw me, and altho' the dread
Of woe and loss of immortality,
Dimm'd her bright longings, yet she braved the ill
And gladly, for a few such rapturous hours
As those now fleeting—so we communed still
In the pale moonlight ; and with rarest flowers
I wreathed her bonny hair, ere and anon
Pausing to press a hot and passionate kiss
Upon her dimpled cheek—then musing on
My own strange reverie—I told her this,
How restless I had been the livelong day,
My joy and longings had been like her own,
But no fears with them—so to charm away
Her sad forebodings lay with me alone—
At which she smiled full sadly, and her eyes,
Bright with a love that mortals never know,
She raised to mine ; and then a vague surmise
Stole on my spirit of impending woe ;
When clinging to me in a last embrace
She suddenly waxed fainter and there fell
A death-like pallor on her lovely face ;
Upon her lips a tremulous farewell
Quivered a moment, and then died away
Half uttered—as that strange and fatal shade
Obscured the moonlight—then in deep dismay
I saw her fading from me down the glade
And vanish in the twilight ; on my ear
Broke plaintive wailings pregnant with despair,
And down the glimmering water swept the bier
And weeping naiads ; tho' I saw her there,
All cold in death, I felt I could not weep,
So maddening was my sorrow ; mute and pale
I stood and watched the sad procession sweep
On into distance ; then the darkened vale

Was bright once more, the shade had passed away,
The moonbeams rippled on the streamlet's breast
As homewards "wended I my weary way,"
Chilled to the heart, and full of strange unrest.

THE SECOND VOICE.

THE music of your fresh young voice
Was pleasant in those dreary walls ;
Yes, fairest lady of my choice,
It was like far-off waterfalls.

It rippled ever smoothly on—
That fairy music, low and clear—
Like balm from Heaven, it fell upon
My thirsty, ever-ravish'd ear.

But there was something wrong, my own,
You lack'd a second to your song ;
A voice of somewhat softer tone,
As sweet, but not so full or strong.

Then, early on a summer dawn,
While yet the Eastern sky was grey,
While yet the dew was on the lawn,
And Nature waited for the day ;

At this serene and solemn time,
A fainter music smote the air ;
Just as the melancholy chime
Pealed from the ivied House of Prayer.

A baby's prattle has since then
Been mingled with the other strain ;
God's best and purest gift to men,
That rivets Love's seductive chain.

AN AUTUMN PICTURE.

O'ERCAST and leaden-hued the sky,
In russet garb the woods are dight ;
The days scarce brighten ere they die,
And merge into the silent night.

A flood of melody no more
Is pour'd from each familiar brake ;
The glorious symphony is o'er,
Until the vales again awake.

E'er and anon some lonely bird
Essays some feeble notes to sing,
That only sadden us when heard,
And make us languish for the Spring.

We miss the fields of waving grain,
That flecked the landscape's face with gold ;
Hush'd is the creaking harvest wain,
And bare and desolate the wold.

The crested lapwing's wonted cry
Comes to us from the upland lea ;
Far inland timorous sea-birds fly,
For shelter from the stormy sea.

A scarlet shower of leaves is whirled
On high upon the tempest's breath ;
The Ice King's banner is unfurled,
And Nature calmly waits for Death.

THE FLIGHT OF THE NAIAD.

SHE stood within the forest's gloom—
A picture that will never die—
Knee-deep in tender purple bloom,
With horror in her melting eye !
'Twas but a moment ! but to me
A cycle of untold delight,
The while her brooklet danced with glee,
And sang unto the summer night.

A dry branch snapped ! (I hear it now) ;
She wildly shook her tangled hair
Back from the glory of her brow,
And saw me standing silent there.
One bound across the moon-lit vale,
A gleam of white limbs through the blue,
An unknown fragrance in the gale,
And she was lost to mortal view !

But ever in that sacred dell
The softest, gentlest Zephyrs blow ;
And where her dainty footsteps fell
The best and sweetest violets grow.
And when on evenings calm and clear
I seek that glen to muse and dream,
Her name is wafted on my ear,
Linked with the music of the stream.

THE PETAL AND THE ZEPHYR.

PURE as an infant's spirit, or the love,
The guileless love, of simple maidenhood ;
White as the summer clouds that swim above
That flow'ret in the wood.

It hung above the music of a rill,
And wonder'd at its dainty image there ;
The breezes wander'd at their own sweet will
Amid its petals fair.

Until one day a Zephyr from the west,
Laden with sweets from newly-blossom'd May,
Detached one silky petal from the rest,
In its caressing play.

Downwards it sailed, towards a tiny creek,
But ere it kiss'd the stream—on snowy wing
A dove glanced by, and caught with gentle beak
The fair and fragile thing.

It bore the blossom to a lady's bower
Amid the vines and myrtles of the South ;
And as she slumbered, softly dropped the flower
On Beauty's scarlet mouth.

A snow-flake on a rose, it lightly lay
A moment on her lips—then came a sigh
Whose faint breath drove the happy leaf away,
Alas ! too soon to die.

Upborne by Zephyrs cool with evening dew,
It flutter'd through the arbour's trellised bloom
Into the night—then vanished from the view
Amid the deepening gloom.

Thus the bright hopes that blossom in the heart
Of happy childhood, ever, one by one
Centre in some new joy, and then depart
Like yonder dying sun.

BY THE SEA.

WHEN the world is hush'd in slumber, and bright planets
without number
Softly tremble in the azure of the pure and cloudless
sky,

Then it is I love to wander by the restless ocean yonder,
Where the moaning of the billows mingles with the
sea-bird's cry—

Then it is I seem to hear a strangely wild and mournful
sigh,

And I know that she is nigh,
She who was so young to die !

For to me, a hapless stranger, wand'ring without thought
of danger

Close to the primeval forest, by the margin of the sea,
Fancies weird yet sweet come thronging, and they bring
an ardent longing

To be with my long-lost darling, she who lived alone
for me—

Once again to clasp her to me, and to hear her laugh
of glee.

Ah ! how sweet it used to be
As we wander'd by the sea !

Then I hear those soft tones clearly, those I used to love
so dearly,

For they steal upon my hearing in the silence of the
night,

Borne across the sleeping ocean, where with slow and
dreamy motion

All the waves are gently heaving in a flood of silver
light—

And their low, familiar music thrills me with a wild
delight !—

With a deep and wild delight,
As I hear them in the night.

But dark clouds the moon obscuring, make the hour far
less alluring,
And the moonbeams swiftly vanish from the bosom of
the deep,
While, alas ! I listen vainly for the tones I heard so
plainly,
For the winds that bore them to me, they have also
gone to sleep.
Still my solitary vigil by the ocean's marge I keep—
And I never cease to weep
Though the winds and waters sleep !

NEGLECTED.

A JOYOUS smile, and a fond caress,
For his dogs as they fawn in glee :
A start at the rustle of *some one's* dress—
But never a word for me !

Swift stolen glances between them pass,
I never was meant to see ;
An ominous blush on her face—alas !
But never a word for me !

With tortur'd heart and a flaming eye,
To my chamber lone I flee ;
And they sit 'neath the glowing summer sky,
But never a word for me !

And still they sit in the sunset's glow,
Looking out o'er the western sea,
As the night winds come and the night winds go,
But never a word for me !

A DREAM OF LOVE.

HER tresses o'er my shoulder stream'd
Luxuriantly fair ;
Her eyes looked into mine, and seem'd
To read my secret there.
Rich censers idly overhead
Were swinging ; and the room
Was paved with roses, white and red,—
A wilderness of bloom.

Lock'd in an amorous embrace,
So lightly on we sped
That not one rose's upturn'd face
Was dimpled by our tread.
At length the music, soft and low,
Grew fainter—died away !
And I awoke (why was it so ?)
At purple blush of day.

A dream ! but ah, those love-lit eyes,
That little hand of snow !
Came she to meet me from the skies,
Or from the realms below ?
I never saw that face before,
Those tresses soft and bright—
Ah, tell me from what shadowy shore
She came that happy night ?

A SONG.

BURY the loved one where western winds blow,
Where the sword-grass shall wave o'er her tomb ;
At her head let the lily and maiden-hair grow,
At her feet let young violets bloom.

Bury the acorn down there in the dell,
 'Mid the ferns, by the violets' side—
 Through the long summer days it will ripen and swell,
 Till the oak stands confessed in its pride.

Bury old enmities ; bury them deep
 In the depths of thy pitying breast ;
 Let the flood of oblivion over them sweep,
 And charity lull them to rest.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

HER voice is unspeakably sweet,
 Witching and low ;
 And her hair ripples down to her feet :
 Her hair all aglow
 With the arrowy sunbeams that lovingly play
 In its beautiful mazes the long summer's day.

His features are massive and grand ;
 His cheeks all embrown'd
 With the sun of a tropical land ;
 Yet the magical sound
 Of his deep mellow voice sinketh into her breast,
 And brings with it happiness, comfort, and rest.

A heaven of love in her eye—
 Love, that no throne,
 Nor the wealth of the Indies could buy,
 All is his own !
 Plainly all his, by the kiss that is press'd
 On his lips, and the head that reclines on his breast.

And *he*, is he worthy this love ?
 That, you may know
 By her eyes that are glancing above,
 And by the glow ;
 The bright joyous glow that is gathering now
 On her delicate cheek and her beautiful brow.

MARGARET.

THOU art fairest of the fair,
Margaret !
And by thine eyes I swear,
Margaret !
Full many a maid divine
Would give a diamond mine
For a dimpled chin like thine,
Margaret !

And what a shapely form !
Margaret !
It took my heart by storm !
Margaret !
Such a taper little waist,—
And lips one longs to taste,—
And all so sweet and chaste,—
Margaret !

But ah ! those melting eyes !
Margaret !
What witchery in them lies !
Margaret !
Whilst the tresses soft and long
That round thy shoulders throng,
Deserve a Byron's song,
Margaret !

Thy voice is low and clear,
Margaret !
It ravishes the ear,
Margaret !
'Tis like the low sweet coo
Of ringdoves when they woo,
And I think you *know* it too,
Margaret !

Why that *perfect* little nose,
Margaret !
Would drive one to propose,
Margaret !
'Twas turn'd up in a pet,
The last time that we met,
I'll be even with you yet !
Margaret !

HADDON HALL, DERBYSHIRE.

MONUMENT of bygone glory,
Relic of the olden time !
Castellated, grim, and hoary,
Desolate, and yet sublime !
Not a stone but tells a story
Of the happy olden time !
Then, as now, the Wye was gleaming
In the valley at thy feet ;
Then, as now, thy woods were dreaming
In the sultry summer heat ;
Then, as now, at ev'ning beaming,
Luna made thy grandeur sweet.
But I saw strange shadows flitting
Through this temple of the past,
Ever restless, never sitting,
Moving noiselessly and fast ;
Dusky shadows, guardians fitting
Of the secrets of the past !
Then a dream came softly stealing
O'er my eyelids drooping low,
Slowly to my sight revealing
Pictures of the long ago.
Once again the horn was pealing
In the spacious court below !

On I wandered, dreaming sweetly,
All was light and life once more ;
Lord and lady tripped it featly
On the ball-room's oaken floor.
Dorothy,* most indiscreetly,
Flitted through the garden door.

Well-starched dames, in antique dresses,
Dresses rich with stiff brocade,
Coily sleeked their glossy tresses
By the Flemish mirror's aid ;
Whilst behind them closely presses
Many a comely waiting-maid—

Then I saw, upon awaking
From these dreams of long ago,
That the moon was slowly breaking
Through the clouds, and rising slow
O'er the ancient structure, making
Fair the haunts of long ago !

GONE BEFORE.

YES ! It is over !
The moaning and sighing !
In the grey morning
We knew she was dying—
Saw our darling
Unconsciously dying.

* Haddon Hall was originally the seat of the Vernons, and Dorothy Vernon is said to have eloped through the door leading into the garden, with her lover, Sir John Manners.

Nought was untried,
But her soul could not linger ;
Death hovered there
With his menacing finger—
Beckoning to her
With his terrible finger.

Tossing and fretting
Upon her hot pillow ;
Better, far better,
To rest 'neath the willow—
Sweetly to rest
At the foot of the willow.

What, though 'tis narrow
The bed where she lieth—
O'er which the zephyr
At eventide sigheth
Sighs for my love
Where it deems that she lieth—

She is not there,
So a truce to its sighing ;
She was made free
Of the Heavens in dying—
Free of all space,
At the moment of dying !

And a white wreath
On her bosom reposes,
In her cold grasp
Lies a bouquet of roses,
Whilst her bright tresses
Are pillow'd on posies.

Flowers ere long
 Will be growing above her,
 Sown on her grave
 By survivors who love her,
 Lightly they'll press—
 Ah, so lightly above her!

Flowers above—
 And below sweetest flowers ;
 Those on her bosom
 May live a few hours,
 Those on her grave
 Will bloom on through the showers.

THE HEREAFTER OF THE SOUL.

THE brain is not the solitary throne
 Of that transcendent mystery, the soul !
 Psychology in no uncertain tone
 Declares that it must permeate the whole
 Of this our mortal frame ; since flesh and bone
 Form but its vestment, that it casts away
 When pallid death has snapt the golden zone
 That links the spirit to the grosser clay.

The soul is self ! And when we come to die
We issue from the body ; and shall *know*
 That we are spirit ; free to scale the sky
 Or flash at will through boundless space : although
 Our own identity will haunt us still,—
 And every ardent hope we cherish'd here,
 And every bias or for good or ill,
 We shall transfer to that sublimer sphere—

There will be no forgetting ! Clearly we
 Shall then recall our life below the skies ;
 And pre-existence (if such wonder be !)
 Will then unseal its shadowy mysteries !
 Endued with rarer powers, we shall gain
 Fresh wisdom through the ages : till we see
 The last bright link of that progressive chain,
 And merge at length in perfect Deity.

LOVE'S VAGARIES.

WEARIED of sighing in winds calmly dying¹
 Away in the west—
 Sicken'd with flowers from numberless bowers,
 Love wanted rest !
 So he left the blue of the summer skies
 For the deeper blue of a woman's eyes !

Love had departed ! so, broken-hearted,
 Nature was mute !
 Scentless the flowers—joyless the hours—
 Tasteless the fruit :
 For all his glamour and witchery
 Was now enshrined in that melting eye.

Softly he beameth—sweetly he dreameth,
 Tenderly there.
 Futurity gilding—lazily building—
 Building in air !
 Till falsehood frown'd on his sunny reign,
 When off he flew to the woods again !

A MYSTERY.

ALL Science teaches that we never die !
 We know death only as a change of *form*,
 And not of *being* ; for when at rest we lie,
 When we have weathered life's uncertain storm ;
 Then other laws shall reassert their sway
 O'er the organic ; and they will impel
 The ever-changing particles of clay
 In other beings, in other forms, to dwell !

We never die ! But in the scented flower,
 The glistening dew-drop, and the waving grain,
 In the fair tendrils of the Summer bower,
 And Spring's sweet blossoms, we shall live again
 Through all the ages—'till what *we* call time
 And space shall be forgotten—when we see
 Those mighty waters, fathomless, sublime,
 The trackless ocean of Eternity !

And if this structure frail of molecules,
 The *body*, never dies, how fares the soul ?
 Say, ye bold sceptics of our modern schools,
 Where do you fix the *spirit's* final goal ?
Brain function only—mere *intelligence*—
 Shall with the brain itself decay and die ;
 But the *atomic* being shall vanish hence—
 The *inner* self—the real immortal "*I*"—

Then disembodied and releas'd as well,
 From these imperfect senses, we shall learn
When the soul entered its material cell—
 Or if that soul was hidden in the germ—
 What those germs are—and where the souls of those
 That never ripened to organic life ?
 To eager ears Omniscience shall disclose
 These mighty problems of polemic strife.

The worlds above us, each mysterious star
 That trembles in the firmament of night—
 We do not see them as they really *are*,
 But as they *were*, when first the rays of light
 That show them to us, left their distant shore,
 Perhaps hundreds—nay, a thousand years ago !
 But Science tells us some are there no more,
 So we *see* stars that do not really glow !

The universe is boundless—so the rays
 Of light reflecting every earthly scene
 That has been since Creation's earliest days
 Are borne into the ether vault serene
 And there move on *for ever* ! So, in space
 Is *somewhere* painted *every* secret deed—
 Each crime or virtue of the human race !
 A record for Omniscience to read !

Should some pure spirit but desire to see
 Some drama of a thousand years ago,
 At such a star-world must his station be
 Where light would take that term of years to flow
 From this our planet, and he would behold
 That drama re-enacted ! Clearer far
 The meaning of "*Omniscience*" will unfold
 As such a being would *flash* from star to star !

AFTER DEATH.

WE watch the sable pageantry of woe,
 And see the coffin'd body lower'd deep,
 Then homewards, slowly, silently, we go,
 And leave our brother to his dreamless sleep.

"A dreamless sleep!" Ah! let me now unsay
Those foolish words that seem to mock the ear!
We merely leave the empty shell of clay,
The *man* has gone to his appointed sphere.

They say that seven spheres surround the earth,
The home of countless spirits! We shall rise
At once to ours at "the second birth,"
When death at length unseals our bandaged eyes.

Those spheres abound with glories all unknown,
And we may all from each to each progress,
E'en from the lowest to the highest zone,
As we increase in truth and holiness.

Death does not change our nature! We shall go
O'er those dim regions to the Morning Land,
With all the thoughts and hopes that here we know,
And spirit-friends shall take us by the hand.

And each pursuit that here on earth we love,
If harmless in the Great Creator's sight,
We shall continue in the realms above—
That Summer Land of purity and light!

AT CLOSE OF DAY.

WHEN from the Sun our Hemisphere
Is some time turned away,
When other worlds on high appear,
And silvery moonbeams play:

Play softly, sweetly, on the lake
And on the sleeping sea ;
Then buried thoughts again awake,
And we once more are free
To wander through the temples vast,
And dusky caverns of the Past !

'Tis then, that for the old old song,
We list with bated breath—
Alas ! The Singer's lips have long
Been tightly closed in Death !
'Tis then we almost seem to hear
That step upon the stair.
Alas ! 'tis many a weary year
Since last it echo'd there !

In fancy on our throbbing brow
Is once more lightly pressed
That hand which lieth passive now
Upon the shrouded breast !
Whilst still amid the deep'ning gloom
We watch, in tears, and dumb,
For one who from the silent tomb,
Alas ! will never come !

THE PRINCE OF WALES' VISIT TO INDIA.

A HAPPY hour for England when the heir
To that vast realm on which the sleepless sun
Doth never set, did with due pomp prepare
To view the East ; with pomp befitting one
Who, when his mother's reign of love was done,
Himself should sway the sceptre o'er that land
Where Lawrence fought, and deathless glory won.
Entrancing India ! On whose coral strand
Fair Nature rains her gifts with no reluctant hand !

The grand Serapis, at her chief's behest,
From torrid Aden slowly steam'd away,
Across the sea of Araby the blest,
Towards her destined haven—proud Bombay !
And at the opening of an Eastern day,
Whilst yet the mists were rising from the deep,
She swept between the glittering array
Of warrior ships that did the passage keep,
Amid the cannon's roar and plaudits loud and deep.

Hark ! lusty cheers, exuberant and long,
Burst forth from that exultant multitude—
That richly-jewell'd brilliant Eastern throng,
For once aroused from their phlegmatic mood.
A sea of turbans covered every rood
Of vantage ground along the level shore,
Where myriads swarmed—the Moslem's swarthy brood—
And heavy cannon thunder'd forth once more,
Responsive, as it seemed, to that still mightier roar !

And louder still those cheers, on either hand !
Again that thunder, as the future King
First set his foot upon that wond'rous land,
Amid that strange excited gathering.
Then by his side beneath whose fostering wing
The empire rests, Victoria's firstborn son
Passed through Bombay, whilst still untiring ring
Those shouts from eager thousands, as they run,—
'Till fair Parell is reach'd and brief repose is won !

Auspicious day ! glad augury for those
To follow ; chiefly that remembered dawn
When the red sun in burning splendour rose,
Upon exalted Edward's natal morn—
That prince to such a mighty sceptre horn !
Then all Bombay, when Nature passed from sight,
Sprung into splendour !—such that stars were shorn—
Those lustrous stars—of half their wonted light,
As rockets flashed on high and pierced the womb of
night.

Ah ! what a scene ! The harbour all ablaze
With light ! On shore the beauties of each pile
Defined by fire ; whilst the coloured rays
Of countless lamps extended many a mile.
As erstwhile in that city on old Nile,
When a grand fête was celebrated there,
So now, where shrubs of rarest odours smile,
Ten thousand lanterns glistened high in air,
While mirth and song abound, and joy is everywhere.

Then came the dusky Potentates of Ind—
Khans, Rajahs, Dewars, Maharajahs high,
From famed Mysore, Baroda, and from Scinde,
In wond'rous pomp, to render fealty
To England's heir ; and thus the days roll by,
With banquets to the heroes of the fleet,
And balls where India's choicest chivalry
Her dark-eyed Houris rapturously meet
"To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

Thence to Baroda, where barbaric pride
Outshone itself in picturesque display
And rude magnificence—where, side by side
By kneeling elephants with trappings gay,
A brilliant cortége streamed along the way.
Strange chariots of silver and of gold,
By oxen drawn, were there ; whilst Parsees play
Discordant strains, as on the concourse rolled,
And spearmen led the way, with sowars grim and bold.

Within a golden howdah, richly hung
With costly curtains, sat the Royal guest,
Beside the little Guikwar, shy and young,
With priceless jewels flaming on his breast.
But my chaste pencil dare not paint the rest—
Those fearful contests where some savage brute
Would tear another with revolting zest :
On such the gentle Muse would fain be mute,
As one unsightly blot upon this splendid route !

Bombay again ! And then the warm adieux
To all the loving loyal thousands there !
The swift departure and the pleasant cruise
Along the coast, to touch at Goa, where
The vestiges of bygone glories share
Our prince's scrutiny ; and then they steer
For far Ceylon, so marvellously fair,
Where unimagined beauties shall appear,
And birds of rarest plume dart through the ether clear.

Here Buddha's votaries swarm—a strange weird sight
To English eyes ! when Priests of solemn mien
Shake flaming torches in the face of night,
And yelling demons, too, grotesque and lean,
Disport them wildly in the lurid sheen,
Cast from a thousand flambeaux ; whilst on high,
Upon the hills, were beacon fires seen,
Their ruddy flames ascending to the sky,
The while the cymbals clash and wild fanatics cry !

Fête follows fête in this seductive isle,
Whose fertile shores the crystal waters lave ;
Where Nature wears an everlasting smile ;
Where all is bloom, and feathery palm trees wave
Above the Briton's and the Buddhist's grave !
But all this splendour palls, and England's heir,
Like all his race, a Nimrod keen and brave,
Invades the tusk'd monster's tangled lair
In trackless jungle depths, and slays his quarry there !

But, once again, adieu ! With beating heart
Madras awaited him ; and we know well
In all the revelry a noble part
She played, as many a graphic pen will tell !
Who can forget, when o'er the billowy swell
Innumerable torches cast their sheen,
Whilst hardy natives, with exultant yell,
In fragile barks the breakers dashed between,
Now hidden by the waves and now like phantoms seen?

August Calcutta next with open arms
Received her visitor ; and here again
A grand illumination lent new charms
To the excited city ; whilst a train
Of India's proudest nobles gladly deign
To pay their homage to the princely one,
Their costly jewels glittering like the rain
Upon the leaves of summer, when the sun
Once more unveils his face amid the cloudlets dun.

And here once more Terpsichore enrolls
Her joyous votaries—a courtly throng—
In mirth and melody ten thousand souls
Are madly steep'd ! But time careers along
On eagle pinion ; so 'mid flowers and song
They reach that sacred city, dim and old,
Upon the holy river where, among
Illumined mosques, high carnival they hold,
And Ganges starred with lights, flows on 'twixt banks
of gold !

Lucknow ! Lucknow ! what hallow'd memories rise
At the mere whisper of thy classic name !
The sacred tear-drops well to Beauty's eyes,
And dark eyes flash at all the deeds of fame
Wrought by those honoured veterans who came
To greet *her* son for whom they dared to die !
Well might his breast with martial ardour flame,
As those scarred heroes slowly tottered by
Who in the glorious past had rushed to victory !

But England's Edward may not linger here—
Lahore and Delhi both await with joy
The glad approach of one already dear
To India's heart ; for love without alloy,

From hoary-headed native to the boy
Who leaps to see him, hath he fairly won—
A love that slander never can destroy.
So now we leave him (ere his course be run)
With that great "King of kings" who is his shield
and sun.

Yes ! we will leave him, with an earnest prayer
That Heaven, in the fulness of the time,
May waft him back to her, so true and fair,
Who waiteth for him in her beauty's prime—
The sweetest flower in his native clime.
And when to her restored, for many a night
Will those strange scenes and festivals sublime
Pervade his dreams ; and once again the light
From those illumined towns will flood his inner sight !

THE PARTHIAN GLANCE.

The last "Good-night" was said—her little hand
Lay passive in mine own ;—
A pressure such as lovers understand—
And then the bird had flown !

Flown down the avenue—her twinkling feet
I could distinctly see
Careering o'er the silvery path—a sweet
And fairy sight to me.

A subtle odour linger'd in the air
Around me, and I knew
My world was in the fleeting figure there,—
And Ida knew it too !

But as I stood in silence—straining long
 My loving wistful eyes—
 Whilst Philomela's rich untiring song
 Ascended to the skies—

She paused a moment in her rapid flight ;
 And from the silver sea
 O'er which she sped, shot through the summer night
 A Parthian glance at me !

SCORNED.

INTOXICATED by the rarest smile
 That ever flitted o'er
 The face of woman ; one that would beguile,
 To learn Love's pleasant lore
 The veriest anchorite that could defy
 The melting softness of a dark blue eye.

Haunted throughout a moonlit summer night
 By dreams of wondrous hair,
 Rippled by dainty waves of golden light
 That ever tremble there !
 By dreams of tender eyes that breathe of love,
 Whose hue is caught from Heaven's arch above.

Haunted by visions of a little hand
 That shames the driven snow
 (Such as bespeaks a ladye in the land)
 Pass'd lightly to and fro
 Across those tresses ; p'raps to set anew
 The happy band of violet or blue.

One glance of scorn immeasurable, shot
From those resistless eyes—
The world grows dark—e'en Heaven is forgot—
And rapture slowly dies !
Let me dream on—*dreams* do not paint her scorn,
But mock me sweetly till I wake at morn.

MODERN CHIVALRY.

I HEARD a voice at midnight's hour
And thus it sadly said :
"Weep, weep, in hall and lady's bower,
For Chivalry is dead !"

Time was—the happy olden time—
When woman's fame was dear
To manly hearts : her name sublime
Was toasted far and near.

But *now* to see an ill-starr'd dame,
Whose sun in gloom has set ;
To hear her tell her tale of shame
With agonized regret,—

To watch her misery, and gloat
Upon her hapless woe,
With mingled pain and scorn I note
That modern Britons go.

A DEAD SPRING FLOWER

THE fragrant blossoms beautify the trees ;
The rich laburnum is a mass of gold ;
The milk-white hawthorn scents the passing breeze
As sweetly as of old.

The flowers multiply in shady dells,
 The brooklet's song is jubilant and clear ;
 It mingles with the sound of village bells—
 Alas ! she cannot hear.

The gentle ringdove cooes his plaintive note,
 Amid the branches of the windy fir ;
 Upon the gale a thousand sweet sounds float —
 But never more for her !

And, as of yore, the water-lilies blow
 Upon the margin of the reed-bound shore ;
 But she, to lay them in her bosom's snow,
 Will, laughing, come no more.

The honeysuckle and the bramble-rose
 Scatter their fragrance broadcast through the lane ;
 But 'neath the arching boughs, at daylight's close,
 She ne'er will walk again !

The sun is sinking in the western sky,
 The wearied songster seeks his downy nest ;
 And where the zephyrs through the yew-trees sigh,
 My darling lies at rest.

TOO LATE !

THEY gave me a letter, and on it I read
 The name of my darling—the name of the Dead !
 I scann'd the contents that were breathing with love
 For her who had gone to her Father above.

Too late ! She had pass'd to that beautiful shore,
 Where grief is forgotten, and Time is no more !
 And letters still come from the East and the West,
 For her who is taking her mystical rest !

Too late ! For the hand that would gladly of old
Have grasp'd the kind letter—lies passive and cold !
Too late ! For the eyes that had beam'd as they read
Are closed in the marvellous sleep of the Dead !

Too late ! For the words that in hours gone by
Would have told her delight, are unspoken for aye !
Too late ! For the lips that had given them breath,
Are seal'd by the terrible finger of Death !

And still may the friends who know not she has fled,
Send words wing'd with love to the beautiful Dead !
Dark, dark is the place where her loveliness shone,
Those words cannot wake her—she still will sleep on !

A DOG'S LOVE.

A true incident which lately occurred on the Moselle.
Vide daily papers of Oct. 1st, 1877.

I WONDER how long they'll remember
That day—(they should treasure it well !)—
When the sun of a sultry September
Flash'd brightly upon the Moselle !
'Twas one to emblazon in story—
Descending from sire to son—
When a deed of unquenchable glory
Was nobly and gallantly done !

A bark cleft the glittering water,
And in it relentless and grim,
Sat one who was burning to slaughter
A creature who lived but for him !
Ah ! well might his cruel lips quiver,
As circling its head with a stone,
He flung it far into the river,
And there saw it sink—with a groan.

But fate his fell purpose defying,
Detach'd the dread stone—and in pain,
His tyrant still lovingly eyeing,
The dog struggled upwards again !
He clung to the boat faint and bleeding,
One low moan of agony gave,
But all his entreaties unheeding,
The wretch flung him back to the wave !

But as, with a pluck we admire,
He rose to the surface once more,
The fiend, nearly madden'd with ire,
Struck full at his head with an oar !
But Heaven was angrily scowling
In silence—when giving a yell
That rose o'er the animal's howling,
He totter'd, and suddenly fell !

The waters were closing above him—
He flung up his arms in despair—
But one who had ne'er ceased to love him
Despite all his baseness, was there !
Forgetting his wrongs, in his passion
For one with so ruthless a hand,
He bore in heroical fashion
His would-be destroyer to land !

Oh, where breathes the man so forgiving,
So noble, so ready to save ?
Oh, say in what clime is there living
A hero so gentle and brave ?
Our quest would be fruitless, unless it
Be made among beings that are mute ;
For man, though we blush to confess it,
Is too often shamed by the brute !

THE STREAMS OF BONNY DEVON.

THE streams of bonny Devon !
I've loved them long and well,
I've trod the breezy moorland,
Where snipe and plover dwell.
Where many a brawling river,
Makes music in the wild,
O'er mighty boulders dashing
In strange confusion piled.

And here enthroned in silence,
The Tors majestic stand,
Like sentinels gigantic,
Above that dreary land.
The stillness is unbroken,
Save by the plover's scream,
That mingles with the laughter
Of yonder foaming stream.

And if, upon that boulder
You stand—and drop the fly—
A Palmer—very deftly,
Just in the streamlet's eye !
A splash ! a twitch ! and quickly
Your "Copham" bends amain—
And soon a burly fellow
Is number'd with the slain !

The streams of bonny Devon,
I've woo'd them in the dells,
Where endless ferns and flowers
For anglers weave their spells !
Whence often I have wended
At eve—my thoughtful way
With heavy-laden pannier,
To crown the happy day !

IN THE FOREST.

THE wind was keen, and the day was dreary :
My spirit droop'd in the damp dense air;
As over the dead leaves I wander'd weary—
With a heart oppress'd by the demon "Care—"
Through the empty aisles that were loudly ringing
With the Yaffil's* laughter to mock my woe,
Where many a blithesome bird was singing
Months ago !

But nature grieved in her own rude fashion,
And the mocking mirth that assail'd my ear
The wild wind drown'd in its gusts of passion,
As it swept along in its mad career !
And though its rage in that forest olden
Was deep and strong—yet 'twas good to see
How it cleft through the leaflets, brown and golden
Way for me !

In a silent valley whose softer glory
The vanish'd summer had stole away,
I mused alone where the giants hoary
Of the forest stood in their grim array !
By a restless brooklet I wander'd, dreaming
Of a heaven radiant with blue and gold,
As afar through the branches I saw it gleaming
Clear and cold !

On each stern feature I gazed in wonder,
In that deserted and darken'd glen,
On the rocks above, and the streamlet under,
That seldom sung in the ears of men—
I ne'er had stray'd to this spot, yet whither
Those dark glades tended my soul knew well !
At what charm'd time had she wander'd hither,
Who shall tell ?

* The green woodpecker.

Far down in memory's caverns buried,
A shadowy streamlet somewhere lay,
In a spectral glen, with its columns serried
Of trees, whose substance I saw that day !
Haply in dreams, when the moon was sleeping
In the Midsummer midnight, calm and clear,
My soul had often, in Heaven's keeping,
Wander'd here !

AN AUTUMN SONG.

WHEN the year was young, and the Spring was here :
Sweet Spring, my true, true love !
When ceaseless carols, fresh and clear,
Pierced yon blue vault above !
Our pulses thrill'd to that burst of song,
That gladden'd the forest all day long,
And clust'ring blossoms o'er us hung
When the year was young !

When the year was young, and the buds once more
Fought silently night and day,
To burst their prison-house as of yore,
And flaunt in their bright array
Of the tenderest green, to entrance the e'en,
Of Spring, their Queen !

When the year wax'd ripe, and the Spring was gone,
And her flowers were fading fast ;
When the Merle was mute in the garden thorn,
And the dim woods hush'd at last !
We thought how blithely and bravely he sung
When the year was young !

Now Summer has fled, and the year grows old,
Whilst the keen nor'wester blows :
Time soon will shed on his palsied head
A wintry wreath of snows !
But still in dreams we wander among
The glades where the brightest of blossoms hung,
Where the Merle and the Mavis sweetly sung
When the year was young !

A DREAM OF LONG AGO.

I MUSED 'neath the forest arches
On the pictures of long ago,
Where cluster the fair green larches
And the white-lipp'd violets grow ;
Where the soft June winds are bringing
Sweet sounds of a distant chime,
And the birds of the greenwood singing
A song of the olden time !

A song of delights now olden,
And joys that have pass'd away,
When the hours were ever golden,
And the season always May !
And woke by those anthems pealing
From many a glade and dell,
I feel o'er my spirit stealing
Those memories loved so well.

Yon Thrush from whose throat is welling
A hymn that ascends above ;
Can it be that he, too, is telling
The tale of my early love ?
A tale that is fraught with gladness,
But gladness akin to pain ;
For, ah ! what unfathom'd sadness,
There lurks in the minstrel's strain.

But the time has gone by for dreaming,
Fast deep'ning is the gloom,
And a few faint stars are gleaming
In the night's mysterious womb.
All hush'd is that strain of sadness,
As homewards I wander slow,
And I only remember the gladness
Of the hours of long ago.

AUTUMNAL MUSINGS.

I SEE in fancy down the vistas dim
The trailing skirts of Summer disappear,
I seem to hear a weird funereal hymn,
The wind's low requiem for the dying year !

Summer has fled, and smiling in her wake
Sped silvery laughter and sweet woodland song,
But still a few pale flowers gem the brake
That eye us sadly as we pass along !

But who is this with those lack-lustre eyes,
And auburn tresses strangely fleck'd with gold,
Whose hue seems caught from ever-changing dyes
That stain the leaflets in the forests old ?

See ! at a signal from her trembling hand,
The Wind-God frees the demons of the blast !
Those leaves are whirl'd across the dreary land,
And fern and flower find a grave at last !

Hark ! Through the stillness of the lonely fields,
Through gloomy aisles where silence weaves herspell,
A weird unearthly laughter loudly peals,
Startling the dreamer in the danksome dell !

As some fell fiend might chant a ghastly lay,
When his poor victim draws his dying breath,
So doth the Yaffil* glory in decay,
And scream for joy 'mid universal death !

Deep in the forest's heart where human tread
Is rarely heard amid the wither'd fern,
Pale echo sadly mourneth for the dead,
And weaves a chaplet for her funereal urn.

And should the solitary dreamer there
Dare to invoke the goddess in her woe,
Her hollow tones that cleave the startled air
Have lost the melody of long ago !

Ever unseen, she sitteth by the bier
Of her loved Summer, where no step intrudes,
Her mocking accents falling on the ear
Of those whose voices break the solitudes !

As o'er Siberian plains, enwreath'd in snow,
An ominous murmur stealeth from afar
Upon the hunter's ears ; first faint and low,
Then gathering strength beneath the Polar star.†

So 'mid the pines, weird whispers stir the air,
First scarcely heard, then swelling loud and fast,
Till piercing shrieks and wailings of despair
Are borne upon the pinions of the blast !

At eve we look on many an angry cloud
Remotely driven through the starless sky,
Sweet summer sleepeth in her spotless shroud,
And snow and tempest win the victory !

* The green woodpecker.

† Alluding to the cry of wolves.

SUMMER IN WINTER !

THE dead earth sleeps in her shroud of snow,
And we seldom see the sun,
But my heart's alive with a joyous glow,
For I and my love are one !

The sombre sands of the sunless day
Have very nearly run ;
But the light may go, or the light may stay,
So long as we two are one !

Shroud, spotless snow, in unblemish'd white,
The landscape drear and dun !
Wail, wintry wind, in thy empty spite,
For I and my love are one !

Night stealeth in with her stealthy tread,
Ere the day has well begun,
But the firelight shines on a girlish head,
And I and my love are one !

THE STREAM.

I SPRING from the hills, where my music fills
The Dotterel's breast with love,
And swiftly glide down the mountain side
From my heath-girt home above ;—

So small at first, I scarce slake the thirst
Of the weary mountain bird ;
So faint my song as I creep along,
The silence scarce is stirr'd !
The powers of air, to my murmur'd prayer,
Will lend a gracious ear ;
For the welcome rain, I must yield again,
In mists obscure and drear !
For though they pour from the azure floor
Libations fresh and strong,
The God of Day, in his wanton play,
Will steal them back ere long !
So dark clouds lower, and many a shower
Falls tunefully on my breast,
Till it proudly swells, in those quiet dells,
Where I love to wander best !
I travel slow where the rush bends low
To kiss my placid face ;
Where the daffodil, at the wind's sweet will,
Is swaying with careless grace ;—
Where the village maid, to yon aspen's shade,
Will flee from the noonday beams,—
Whilst her gaze will rest on my tranquil breast,
In her happy girlish dreams.
Oh, heart of mine ! Let her image shine
In its simple beauty there !
What sweet surprise in her liquid eyes,
At seeing herself so fair !
But at close of day she will speed away,
Through the sunset's rosy glow,
Whilst I move along, with an undersong,
To where the violets blow !
Past the sweet wild-rose, whose serene repose,
My melody cannot break ;
By drooping flowers, and fairy bowers,
Through dingle, dell, and brake.
But anon I leap from my sombre sleep,
And flash o'er the boulders bare,
From stone to stone, with a blithesome tone,
That rings on the startled air !

The Ousel wild, like a restless child,
Flits past with a strange shrill cry,
Like a meteor blue, that enchants the view,
The halcyon shooteth by !
I often fall o'er some moss-girt wall,
And toss on high my spray,
The rocks I lash as I gaily dash
Along on my reckless way.
Worn out at length, my decaying strength,
Can battle the crags no more ;
So I calmly glide with unruffled tide,
With a lullaby as of yore !
And many a rill, from many a hill,
Will hear my song divine,
And gladly speed through the daisied mead,
To link its soul to mine.
In perfect peace, whilst the clouds of fleece,
Sail tranquilly on above,
My breast expands, to the smiling lands,
Whispering wealth and love !
By castle hoary, renown'd in story,
By meadow, and pleasant lea,
I smoothly run, till my course is done,
When I die in the mighty sea !

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

THE skies are leaden-hued, and overcast ;
Death darkly hovers in the reeking air ;
So let me live in memories of the past,
When Summer's gorgeous banner flaunted fair
Above our land ! Ah, fickle Summer ! say
For what bright region did'st thou plume thy flight,
When on that breezy early Autumn day
Thou vanish'd sadly, slowly, from our sight ?

Hast thou not gone reluctantly to swell
The ranks of thy fair sisters pass'd away,
Who in some far, some shadowy, dreamland dwell
Where man's crude fancy dareth not to stray?
So weird, so dim, that land of wonder, where
With buried loves, dead hopes, forgotten tears,
Those phantom Summers, flitting here and there,
Gleam through the vistas of departed years!
But hence regrets! I only sigh in vain,
For faded pleasures—like a foolish child!
Rather with eager rapture let me strain
These wistful eyes across the dreary wild,
Till steals upon them, through the mist and rain,
A vision sweet of flowers yet unborn,
And cool, fresh greenery, where once again
The birds sing anthems to the glowing morn!
E'en now I seem to hear, borne on the breeze,
The welcome rustle of that Swallow's wing
Who first shall tempt the dangers of the seas,
To whisper tidings of the gentle Spring!
E'en now, in phantasy, the snowy May
Dispels my sadness with its fragrant breath,
I hear wild woodland music far away,
And see Life springing from the spectre—Death!

THE STAR.

BEFORE the birth of the nascent earth,
Or the ocean kiss'd the strand,
My crescent bright gemm'd the brow of night
At the wave of a mighty hand!
Since the dawn of Time, in yon vault sublime,
Where the restless planets move,
From my lofty lair in the ambient air,
Diffusing light and love,

Through the changing years, with my sister spheres,
Have I held my gentle sway ;
And still I swim in the distance dim,
Whilst ages roll away !
When the silvery stream in some midnight dream
Is hush'd in a raptured rest,
It owns my spell, for I love it well,
And quiver upon its breast !
And all night long, like some angel song,
I whisper delights untold
To those whose gaze in amazement strays
O'er my realms of blue and gold !
When the swift storms sweep o'er the darken'd deep
And threat'ning thunders roll,
I steal into view, through a streak of blue,
To soothe the seaman's soul !
Though an envious cloud may often shroud
My gentle face awhile,
Soon I look once more from the azure floor,
With a sweet and saintly smile !
Like a false hope I to the vision die,
In the gathering gloom afar,
Whilst the captive sighs for my love-lit eyes,
Through the massive prison bar !
Still his face is turn'd where my beacon burn'd,
But a minute or two ago,
And his features shine with a light divine,
As again he sees my glow !
The baffled sage, as he scans the page
Of recondite letter'd lore,
Shall never descry my destiny
In the spaces where I soar !
The poet sings, and on Fancy's wings
His rapt soul soars away
To my distant home in the mystic dome,
To fathom me if he may !
But the quest is vain, and the bard is fain
To bow to his Maker's ban,
That seal'd is the end towards which I tend
In the Universal plan !

So still I rain from the azure plain
 My kisses on sea and shore,
 A vision on high, and a mystery,
 Till Time shall be no more !
 But ere the sun has his race begun
 In his car of burnish'd gold,
 I steal away from the garish day
 Into the unseen Fold !

AMONG THE FLOWERS.

WEARIED to death of the ceaseless hum
 Of men, and the tramp of unnumber'd feet,
 To a voice I hearken'd that whisper'd, " Come
 To the home of the fern and the meadow sweet !"

And now I lie where the bramble rose
 Above me sways in the summer air,
 Where the harebell pale at my elbow blows,
 And the Linnet twitters around my hair ;—

Whither I've come over fields of gold,
 Where the king-cups glitter in bright array ;
 O'er breezy downs, and through forests old,
 Where the birds were dreaming the time away !

And now wherever I turn my eyes,
 They rest in peace on a sea of green ;
 A strange sea shot with a million dyes,
 Till they are dazzled and drunk with sheen !

And soon in a far land, fairer yet,
 Through dreamland's bowers my spirit strays ;
 Till the winds of night, when the sun has set,
 Begin to moan through the woodland ways !

They kiss my brow, and unseal my eyes,
To find the radiance and splendour flown ;
And I wander home, whilst the daylight dies,
Through a fairy land that is all my own !

STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE SIBERIAN
WEATHER AT EASTERTIDE, 1879.

WHEN Spring on the wing of the April hours
Softly descended from Summer skies,
Holding a chalice piled high with flowers,
Up to the gaze of our longing eyes :
Flow'rets azure, and white, and golden,
Wet with the kiss of the silver rain ;
Stole from his ambush the Tyrant olden,
And dash'd that chalice to earth again.

Shatter'd the bouquet that Spring had tied us,
In bower and brake with her own sweet hand,
Loosen'd his minions again to chide us,
The blasts that swept o'er the stricken land ;
Shrouded the valleys, and all the brightness
Of meadows gorgeous in green and gold ;
With his fatal mantle of virgin whiteness,
Silenced the singers in forests old !

But his strength is spent, and the tyrant hoary
Exhausted falls in the arms of death ;
Again the landscape is wreath'd with glory,
And the air is soft with our charmer's breath !
Again, our wayward hearts beguiling,
Our true love stealeth through glade and dell ;
And before her feet as she comes on smiling,
Are blooming the flowers we love so well.

THE AWAKENING.

How silently and sullenly the river
Is flowing 'mid the whisperings of death !
How the leaflets in their terror quail and quiver
Before the keen nor'-wester's icy breath.

One by one, whilst the dreary day is dying,
All noiselessly they flutter to their rest,
'Mid their comrades, who in myriads are lying
On their mother's bare inhospitable breast.

Though beauty in the solitudes is reigning,
It is sullied by the finger of decay,
And we know the year's pure loveliness is waning,
Let the Autumn tints beguile us as they may.

And soon, too, will the music of the river
Be silenced by the Frost King's cruel hand,
Whilst the naked trees will palpitate and shiver
As the rude blast sweeps across the frozen land.

But only will the restless river slumber
Till the Spring thaws that adamant chain ;
When the voices of the forest without number,
Will wake it into melody again.

And sweetly will it tell its mystic story
To the valleys as they ripen into bloom,
As we shall live again in deathless glory
Beyond the utter darkness of the tomb !

THE DISASTER TO THE 10TH HUSSARS ON
THE CABUL RIVER.—MARCH 29TH, 1879.

THE camp is hush'd in deep repose,
And softly from on high
The silver lamp of heaven throws
Her radiance far and nigh—
When, lo ! a sound arrests the ear,
The list'ner holds his breath,
As on they speed in mad career,
Those messengers of death !

The whilom dreamers stand aghast,
As, splash'd with mud and foam,
And with the fury of the blast,
Those madden'd steeds rush home !
Where are the riders ? Had the might
Of foemen seal'd their doom ?
But none had heard that fateful night
The cannon's deadly boom.

Then from the roaring-torrent's site
The weary remnant come,
And soon the tearful tale recite
To hearers pale and dumb !
They miss'd the ford—and from their feet
The struggling steeds were swept—
And now the river strong and fleet
Its solemn secret kept.

But ere the trackless vault of blue
The sun had climb'd once more,
They pierced the river's breast, and drew
His victims to the shore !
And to the music of Mozart
They laid them side by side,
But long will live in England's heart
The cruel death they died !

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

KILLED IN ZULULAND JUNE 1ST, 1879.

LET the muffled war-drums roll
Solemnly on Afric's strand,
For that bright and gallant soul
Summon'd to the Silent Land !
Let his comrades, one and all,
Bend their heads, with bated breath,
For a moment o'er that pall—
Standing face to face with Death !

Musing, we retrace our way
O'er Time's worn and beaten shore,
To that far auspicious day
When the cannon's deaf'ning roar
Told the nations of the birth
Of an heir to that dread name
Wafted through the wond'ring earth—
On the meteor wings of fame.

Then on Saarbruck's bloody plain
Calmly he, beside his sire,
'Mid the bullets' deadly rain,
Had his "baptism of fire !"
Dreams of glory may have flush'd
At that hour his boyish brow,
But those joyous tones are hush'd,
And that dream is over now.

Slain upon a savage shore,
Beats no more that brave young breast—
Where the one grand fight is o'er
Now the soldier takes his rest !
He, the glory of his race,
He, their brightest hope and stay,
Has gone early to his place,
'Mid earth's heroes pass'd away !

Fair winds waft him o'er the deep,
O'er the blue Atlantic wave !
By his father's side he'll sleep
Soundly in his English grave.
Pray for her who weeps apart—
Widow'd—childless—lovely yet !
Heaven heal her broken heart,
For her only star has set !

THE HOME OF THE FERN.

WHERE the blithesome Beck sings its secret song,
Daintily, dreamily, all day long—
A lullaby olden that does not cease
When the starry sentinels whisper peace,
But still is heard through the pale dim light
That falls from the wings of the Summer night;—
There, within hearing of that sweet strain,
That charms the lily to rest again,
I live, like an anchorite of the dell,
Securely shrined in my mossy cell,
Whilst a silvery thread, as it trickles down
The walls of my hermitage, rugged and brown,
Flings o'er my fronds its delicious spray,
And keeps me cool through the burning day,
Its miniature melody keeping time
With the restless rivulet's louder chime ;
'Tis here I dream through the fateful years,
Blind to the horrors of falling spheres.
Though nations groan in their mighty throes
Unbroken still is my rapt repose !
And tearful tidings from East or West,
Can reach me not in my hidden nest.

TO THE CUSHAT.

Coo on ! thou blue-wing'd harbinger of rest,
From thy sequester'd home
In yonder coppice, poised upon thy nest,
Beneath the leafy dome !
Wake me when day shoots his earliest ray through the
bars—
Hush me to sleep when the angel eyes peep from the
stars !

Yet with no guerdon have I dower'd thee,
Thou happy child of Song,
For all this plaisance—merely left thee free
To coo thy short life long
In the greenwood hard by, 'neath the soft summer sky,
safe from harm ;
Secure from the snare, and as free as the air from alarm !

But not for ever will thy note be heard
In yonder windy fir,
For thou wilt sit in silence, gentle bird,
When frostier breezes stir !
When the bleak blast soughs through the naked boughs,
summer o'er,
Thy murmur will sound, from the woodland around,
nevermore !

LA VIE.

LIFE is not all sunshine—don't think it—
That every rose has its thorn ;
Is a fact, though the wordling may blink it,
And laugh the old adage to scorn !
When we dally too fondly with pleasure, alas !
'Ware the snake in the grass !

When the velvety peach is most luscious,
The treacherous wasp lurketh there,
And oft ere some sorrow shall crush us,
Life's weather-glass points to set fair !
Soon Delight for fresh flights will be pluming her wing,
And will leave us her sting !

The red juice in yonder cup foaming,
Is drain'd to the dregs before long,
And the sweet bird who sings in the gloaming,
Will presently pause in her song !
After mirth may come madness, and graves of dead years
Are kept green with our tears.

So we pluck the fair peach, but the treasure
We drop in a spasm of pain ;
And we sail in the wake of false pleasure,
To find all her blandishments vain !
Her phantoms flit past us on gossamer wing,
And we grasp but their sting !

THE SUMMER WIND.

I MOVE unseen through the forests green,
A messenger from above,
And I softly tell to the pale harebell
My old, old tale of Love—
To the hawthorn white, with a pure delight,
I bring my first fresh kiss,
Where sweetly blows the serene wild rose
I flutter in silent bliss.

I sportively seek the pure glowing cheek
Of the maiden flush'd, yet fair,—
And fraught with a tale of the leafy vale,
I lovingly linger there.

Full many a time have I brought the chime
Of distant village bells
To those who dream by the laughing stream,
In the heart of secret dells.

At the dawn of day I steal away
Through the cool dim glades to roam,
And the bird will wake in bower and brake
As I rustle his tiny home.
From flower to flower till noontide's hour,
I move with a sweet unrest,
'Till faint with the heat, in some dark retreat,
I sleep on the lily's breast,—

When again the glade in the twilight's shade
Is slumbering calm and still,
I raise my head from my snowy bed,
And traverse the vales at will.
To the rose that sways in untrodden ways
I bring sweet sounds from far,
And I waft on high, with a gentle sigh,
Its scent to the Evening Star.

A SONG OF SPRING.

"WHAT ails thee, Soul? Thou art full of sadness!
What makes thee silent, who 'erst wast gay?
Shall we flee to the twilight land for gladness,
To meet the musical, mirthful May?"
Thus to my Soul, and she then replying,
In tones that once more had the old rich ring,
Said, "Vernal visions have set me sighing;
Let us go softly, and meet the Spring."

So, to the land where the unborn hours
Live in a silence seldom stir'd,
Where shadowy birds in elusive bowers
Sing to the dreamer, a song unheard,
We wander away as the daylight closes,
Beyond the verge of the sunlit sea,
Through dreamland's dells, with their dusky roses,
To meet the Summer that is to be !

A SONG OF THE SEA.

O SEA ! upon whose heaving breast
The ships are wafted to and fro
Unto the distant haven's rest,
Upon their wings as white as snow,—
Thou mighty mother, can it be
That I have pierced the mystery ?

The waves, thy children, inwards roll,
And break in music on the shore ;
Their voices penetrate my soul ;
The mystery is one no more,—
Faint echoes of the days gone by,
Still linger in their lullaby !

The past has sprung to life again,—
My soul, these golden Autumn days
Still piloted by that sweet strain,
Retraces half-forgotten ways,—
And this is why I love, O Sea !
The songs thy children sing to me.

A SPORTING IDYLL.

THERE are stirring times before us,
And full many a merry meet,
When the hounds will chime in chorus,
And the steeds prove stanch and fleet !
Many a cavalcade will sally
(And no fairer sight on earth !)
Down the lonely moorland valley
Echoing to their careless mirth !
Well we ween, when first those knowing—
Those impetuous hounds give tongue,
They will set old cheeks a-glowing,
With the ardour of the young !
Like some roaring, rushing river,
On—still onwards—will they fly !
Every nerve will throb and quiver
At the music of that cry !
We, in fancy, see them streaming,
On by copse, and woodland old,
Where the forest kings are gleaming
In their guise of green and gold !
Ay ! a goodly scene ! We know it
And we own it passing fair.
Let the pageant pass,—this poet
May no longer linger there !—

Hearken ! how the stillness golden
Of the warm October noon—
When the waning woods are folden
In a soft and death-like swoon—
By a short sharp sound is broken,
That the pheasants ought to know,
’Tis to them a deadly token
Of the hand that lays them low !
List ! that whirl of wings how loudly
Does it break upon the ear,
As aloft he soareth proudly
Yonder beechen trees to clear !

But the gallant bird will never,
Never, top those trees again ;
For the aim is true as ever,
And the startled soarer's slain !
Down he comes—the noble fellow —
With a heavy muffled thud,
Dyeing all the fallen yellow
Leaflets with his crimson blood !—
In the thickest of the spiney
Whirr ! a bang ! and he is gone !
Have you miss'd him like a ninny ?
No ; he fell beneath yon thorn !
What a handsome cock ! when started,
Through that opening in the dell
Like a flash of light he darted,
But your Purdey rang his knell !
In the mellow autumn weather,
When your footsteps brush the dew
Gaily from the purple heather,
And the moorland skies are blue,
It is grand to flush the splendid
Sable grouse as up they spring,
Soon to fall, their joyaunce ended—
Dead, or with a broken wing !
Prime indeed this pastime royal,
As the former limn'd above ;
But the writer still is loyal,
To a third—his earliest love !

Cloudlets ! let me see you sailing
Through the sunny skies of May :
All our craft is unavailing,
In the scorching glance of day !
Gently o'er the sweet spring flowers
Blow, ye western zephyrs, blow !
Dance to earth, ye silver showers,
Making music soft and low !

Patter on, and turn the water
To the tint we love so well—
Claret,—fraught with scenes of slaughter,—
Helping us to weave the spell !
Wake, ye winds, the slumb'ring river !
Call it back to life from death !
All its liquid silver shiver
Into ripples with your breath !
Then, where yon black pool recedeth
Far beneath that aspen's shade,
Where some lusty fellow feedeth,
Let your maiden cast be made !
Deftly let your deadly hackle
Round his dark dominion sail,—
What a plunge ! he tries your tackle,
But you never knew it fail !
Hold him tight—and sagely shorten,
As his throes wax fainter yet,
'Till he gleams—the fight fair foughten—
Through the meshes of your net !
All your own ! Your forehead flushes,
And you reverently lay
In your basket, swathed with rushes,
Him—the hero of the day !
Ever onwards, with your pliant
Weapon casting here and there,
Luring now some wary giant
From his dark and tangled lair.
Now the whalebone barely bending,
Tossing troutlets to the shore,
Extricating gently—sending
Them rejoicing home once more ;—
On you wander, till the glory
And the glare of day is done,
Homewards then to tell the story
Of the battles you have won !
Homewards in the twilight hour,
With the rhythm of the rain,
And the songs from brake and bower
Ringing still within your brain.—

When the moon is sailing slowly
 Through the cloudless midnight sky,
 And a silence deep and holy
 Fills the landscape far and nigh,
 Then again, those dells sun-litten,
 And that May-day's deep delight
 To the angler, slumber-smitten,
 Come in visions of the night ;
 Once again he's lightly throwing
 Dun or hackle—so it seems !—
 On some shadowy streamlet flowing
 Through the drowsy land of dreams !
 Yet once more he reels his line in,
 As each rush grows fainter yet,
 Till a phantom trout is shining
 In a spectral landing-net !—
 Sport for the Immortals !—Fishing !
 Lies that inner voice which saith
 (Is thought father'd by the wishing ?)
 We shall angle after death ?
 Sport of sports ! Design'd to lighten
 Breasts that ceaseless cares enchain !
 How unnumber'd eyes will brighten
 At the music of thy name !
 How I languish for the swallow,
 And the cheery cuckoo's voice,
 When, in springtime, I may follow
 Thee, the pastime of my choice !

IN MEMORIAM.

SIR ROWLAND HILL.

HE cannot for an hour stay
 His scythe's fell sweep—that dreaded hand
 Is ever raised—and o'er the land
 His shadow hovers night and day !

Blithe childhood's laughing lips are mute
Before his icy touch, for Death
Chills many a blossom with his breath
Ere it can ripen into fruit !

But here the Reaper look'd on one
Who sought the welfare of his kind ;
And would together closer bind
All loving souls in Albion !

His scheme was simple, yet sublime
In its simplicity ; its part
To rivet closer heart to heart—
A priceless legacy to Time !

So paused awhile the Tyrant dread
Until the People's Friend should see
His dream become reality
And blessings shower'd on his head !

Until at length by millions blest,
In all the fulness of his years,
Amid a mighty nation's tears,
He pass'd serenely to his rest !

IN THE STREET.

I FOLDED my hands at the close of day
Across my wearied breast,
The time for toil had pass'd away
And I thought to take my rest ;
But a voice in my ear whisper'd, "Sleep no more,
Thy labour is not yet done !"
So I went out into the city's roar
At the setting of the sun.

Ah ! when I look'd on the lone and lost
 I flung to the winds of night
 All thoughts of hands on the bosom cross'd
 In slumbers soft and light !
 For Vice was stalking in childhood's form,
 And call'd me aloud to save
 The homeless waif from the blinding storm,
 And misery's yawning grave !

Then the strange voice said, "See the work for
 thee !

One said in His boundless love,
 Forbid them not when they come to Me,
 For of such is the realm above !
 Go, dry the tears in those infant eyes,
 And comfort each little breast,
 And *then* in the Valleys of Paradise
 Thou shalt surely sweetly rest !"

ENIGMA.

My head is inhuman—that fact I admit—
 And small wonder too, since each barbarous cit,
 Or snob, chips it off in his ignorant way
 A good many times in the course of the day !
 At treatment like this, the best head will turn rusty,
 And naturally grow most decidedly crusty !
 When 'tis on, I am handsome enough to the view,
 With my elegant shape, and my delicate hue !
 But whenever I LOSE it—behold the reverse !
 I can do nothing right, and from bad go to worse !
 Should my HEAD AND TAIL go, there's a nondescript left,
 Of reason and meaning completely bereft.
 But still I have members, and five is their sum,
 If the middle one's stolen, I forthwith become

A beautiful region (no distant one) where
 All the men are gallant, and the women are fair !
 Now, complete me again; when you haven't a notion
 How smoothly and swiftly I skim through the ocean !
 And yet though my home is the fathomless deep,
 From a beautiful nymph as she smiled in her sleep,
 Her lover once took me—so noiselessly too—
 That she never till dawn of the robbery knew !
 Though he squeezes me fondly some ten times a day,
 In a most idiotical amorous way,
 In my watery home I am safe all the same,
 And now I must beg you to tell me my name !

Answer : HERRING.

ENIGMA.

Look at my head, and you will clearly see
 The parson's hope, the prop of chivalry !¹
 What makes the ancient raven shrink for fear, ²
 Deforms the rook, attends on Christmas cheer ;³
 What haunts those castles, shadowy and fair,
 The love-sick maid delights to build in air !
 What lingers in her voice ; and last, not least,
 Heads her confessions to the holy priest !
 What turns a graceful poem into law,⁴
 And has, alas ! a most capacious maw !⁵
 Now mark my tail, and there before you lies
 What every man will carry when he dies
 To his long home. What lurketh in the tomb,
 For ever dwelling in the midst of gloom !
 What put an end to some bad bishop, who ⁶
 Himself cut short some lives—and not a few !
 Hides in the maiden's locks ; and though 'tis odd,
 What makes her hero, helps to form her God !
 What's valueless, until some pitying one ⁷

¹ See—c.

² Raven—craven.

³ Rook—crook.

⁴ Ode—code.

⁵ Sea.

⁶ Odo.

⁷ Adding ciphers to unity *ad infinitum*.

Takes its left hand ; that charitably done
 Its worth is plain ; and more of like degree
 File to the right and form infinity !
 View me intact, and softly down the vale
 My note is borne upon the scented gale ;
 When the green woods are redolent of May
 The rustic pausing, listens to my lay ;
 And yet the only burden of my song
 Is my *sweet self* ! You cannot puzzle long !
 Answer : CUCKOO.
 Head—C. Tail—o.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

My centrals form what pleases, and its end
 Should be to charm—to soothe—to elevate.
 My primals to my centrals ever lend
 A double sweetness ; and my finals wait
 Upon them both. Without my finals' aid
 The others would be worthless I'm afraid.

- (1) A town near Lincoln, marked on Bradshaw's map,
 Although you've never journey'd there, mayhap !
- (2) A pleasant place to stroll on, when the sky
 Is clear, and gentle murmurs fill the air.
 'Tis useful in the country, by-the-bye,
 And you will seldom fail to find it there.
- (3) Of this I'll say without the least compunction
 That 'tis a short but valuable conjunction.
- (4) This I sincerely trust you'll never be
 For what is worldly pelf but vanity ?
- (5) I'm in the wind, and in your head—my name
 Backwards or forwards ever reads the same.

Lights :

- (1) R E P H A M
- (2) H O E
- (3) Y E T
- (4) M I S E R
- (5) E Y E

Answer :

Primals—RHYME.
 Centrals—POESY.
 Finals—METRE.

THE HAUNTED HALL.

THE sun had set, and night was closing in,
Dark and tempestuous, as I brushed my way
Through sombre woods, whilst far below the Linn
Gleamed motionless and grey.

Anon I reached that old, deserted pile
Enthroned in desolation—black with time—
Upon whose gloom no sunbeams ever smile,
Grim, shatter'd, yet sublime!

There, framed in silent woodlands, did it stand
Looking upon a weird and waveless lake—
A strange and ghastly horror in the land
That all in fear forsake.

The very deer sweep timorously by
Its ruined portals, and the watchful hare
Shuns the lone spot, as though she did espy
Some nameless terror there!

The spectral hern who to the tarn may wing
His labour'd flight, affects the farther side,
As dreading some unutterable thing
At witching eventide!

The crumbling casements, open to the blast,
Attract no twittering birds within the room;
The fox, with head averted, scampers past
That scene of woe and gloom!

Upon its rusty hinge the open door,
By night and day, for ever idly swung,
And as I enter'd, on the vaulted floor
My stealthy footsteps rung.

Within was silence ! All was still as death !
The faintest sound with startling clearness heard,
I scarcely even dared to draw my breath
As some worn arras stirred !

And yet the silence there seem'd too profound,
Too deep to last, and pent within its spell
Lay some dark secret which I could not sound,
As black—as deep as hell !

All through the watches of the summer night,
From room to room, with soft uncertain tread,
I wander'd in the weird unearthly light,
And mused upon the dead.

Anon it darker grew. My troubled soul
Was fetter'd by the horror of the time,
And through my mind uncanny memories stole
Of some abhorrent crime !

Then shadowy figures glided to and fro,
A scream resounded from a distant room,—
A heavy fall—an awful curse—and lo !
I fled athwart the gloom !

TO MY OLD COAT.

AH ! dear old friend, I see thy tail is torn !
Once bright and glossy—now extremely worn !
When on thy faded hues I turn my eyes,
Within my breast delicious memories rise
Of those bright days, in summers passed away,
When I would sport thy unobtrusive grey
By rippling stream, or heron-haunted mere
(*Grey* is the hue to every angler dear !)

Or of those hours of the closing year
When the wind piped a requiem sad and drear,
And I would button thee, my comrade old,
Close round my form, and thus defy the cold ;
Let my thoughts bridge the interval of years
When first thou reached me from the tailor's shears,
So speck and span, so glossy, smart, and new,
I longed to give thee to the public view !
And *now*, my most dilapidated coat,
I fear that thou wouldst scarcely fetch a groat !
Like some old pensioner, whose work is done,
In calm repose thou resteth, faithful one !
Like him, a wooden peg becomes thy prop
In thy last hours—but it's time to stop !
Nor have I space about those things to write
Which thy deep pockets hid from human sight !
Those well-thumbed missives, fraught with joy or pain,
Which have in their recesses often lain ;
Fusees and pouches, paper, purse, and book,
Have shared, in turn, the shelter of that nook.
And *now*, alas ! their depths are void, I fear ;
Farewell ! old coat ! a really heartfelt tear
Is downward trickling from my moisten'd eye,
As, with a sigh, I falter out, good-bye !

AFTER OFFICE HOURS.

WHEN to the hour of four the clock
Points with inviting finger,
How joyfully that desk I lock,
Where none but dotards linger !
From its lone peg I snatch the tile
Whose lustre has departed ;
I grasp my cudgel with a smile,
And hurry home light-hearted.

I know the old familiar road
Full well—through wind and weather
Along it I have daily strode,
For many a month together.
Each common object by the way,
Each tree, or clump of holly,
To me grows dearer day by day—
And do not call it folly!

But when my tiny home I near,
Where all my treasure dwelleth,
How is it that the starting tear
So often upwards welleteth?
A curly head appears again—
My heart is quickly beating;
A nose is flatten'd to the pane,
To give papa a greeting!

But when our game at romps is done,
And curly pate is sleeping,
When the stars tremble one by one
Their solemn vigil keeping.
Then Isabel will read aloud
Some novel sweet and tender,
Whilst I serenely blow a cloud,
With toes upon the fender!

'Bel votes all politics a bore,
The *Telegraph* a take-in,
But o'er the "Marriages" will pore
Till eyes and brain are aching!
So I digest the news alone,
Till, o'er my meerschaum bobbing,
I wake to hear the breezes moan,
And some one calling "Robin!"
"Come—past twelve!"

TRANSLATIONS, &c.

TO MELPOMENE.

HORACE.—Lib. iv., Ode iii

HE on whose birth, Melpomene,
 Thou haply look'd benignly down,
 Craves not an Isthmian victory
 O'er pugilists of high renown.
 No fiery steed shall whirl him on,
 Triumphant in a Grecian car,
 Towards the goal ; nor shall he don
 The Delian bays for some great war,
 Where haughty monarchs fled dismay'd
 Before his might ; but that clear stream
 That flows by Tibur—and the shade
 Of pleasant groves—'tis *these* I ween
 Can waken sweet Æolian strains
 Within my soul—proud Roma's sons,
 And she, the Queen of cities, reigns,—
 Have ranked me with their nobler ones
 In realms of song : thus Envy's tooth
 Can wound not one they love so well—
 But thou, oh Goddess, who forsooth
 The music of the golden shell
 Rulest alone ; who can bestow
 Upon the silent finny throng,
 If thou art pleased to will it so,
 The dying cygnet's plaintive song,—
 My glory is *thy* gift alone,—
 (Thou hast so fanned the sacred fire)
 By all who meet me I am known
 A master of the Roman lyre,
 My inspiration, and the hearts I move
 (*If* hearts I move), all speak thy fost'ring love.

AD FONTEM BANDUSIUM.

HORACE.—Lib. iii., Ode xiii.

OH, my Bandusian fount, than glass more clear,
 Worthy of choicest wine and flowers most fair,
 A kid to-morrow shall be slaughtered here,
 Whose sprouting horns predict for him a share
 Of stubborn contests and of amours rude,
 Alas, in vain ! for thy translucent rills
 Shall be dyed deeply with the crimson blood
 Of the flocks' firstlings (from the neighbouring hills).
 Thee the fierce dog-star with his scorching beams
 Cannot affect, but to the wearied steer
 Thou giv'st thy pleasant shade and cooling streams,
 And wandering cattle love to gather here :
 Among the famous founts shall thou be found
 Whilst I the oak immortalise in song
 That crowns thy hollow rocks, whence with a sound
 Subdued and sweet thy waters babble on.

PANDORA.

LONG years ago, when high Olympus rang
 With deaf'ning noise and pond'rous hammers'
 clang,
 Then Vulcan deftly out of metal wrought
 Those rare appliances so hotly sought
 By all the Gods ; and by the dint of flame
 And steel acquired everlasting fame—
 By night and day within his vaulted hall
 Ephæstus labour'd, beetle-brow'd and tall,
 With smoke begrimed, and to the elbow bared
 His massive arms ; the while he fiercely glared
 Upon the huge Cyclopean trio there
 Who sullenly performed their wonted share

Of arduous labour ; 'mid the awful gloom
Their forms gigantic indistinctly loom,
As 'neath their strokes the scintillations fly
In fitful beauty upwards to the sky.
The stubborn metal, white with fervent heat,
Has soon to yield, and they the strokes repeat
Till quite subdued by their immortal skill
They lightly mould it to what form they will.

As dreaded Vulcan one day labour'd here,
Great Jove thus thundered in his scion's ear :
“ My skilful son, exert thy utmost art
To promptly execute an onerous part—
Through woman's influence stupendous woe
I purpose bringing on the realms below ;
Therefore now fashion from Hellenic clay
A dame as lovely as the opening day,
Breathe not a word of this my high behest,
But lock the secret in thy sinewy breast.”
The God of Fire heard, and bowed assent,
Though his great soul was full of wonderment.
He calls his one-eyed workmen to his side,
To them alone he dares his task confide ;
These grimly listen to his dread command
And fall to work with nervous cunning hand,
Till wondrous proof of their conception rare,
Pandora stands, a woman fresh and fair !

Jove looked upon the prowess of his son,
And saw, well pleased, the work was nobly done,
Through sweet Pandora's veins the blood did run
And liquid music floated from her tongue ;
The Cyprian Goddess gave her beauty rare,
And great Athenè brought her jewels fair
For her white neck ; swift-footed Hermes gave
Pure eloquence, that all she might enslave.
Then Epimetheus won her for his bride,
And they were blest, until Pandora tried

To ope that casket never touch'd before,
 Though wild conjecture oft had fretted o'er
 Its unknown store ; but now she touch'd the spring,
 The die was cast, and Sorrow bared her sting !
 From out the lid do hideous shadows crowd,
 White-visaged Fear, and Anger, beetle-browed,
 Gaunt pale Disease, Despair with blear'd red eye,
 Lone drooping Sorrow, wan Anxiety ;
 Then came Misfortune, leading in her train
 Lean-fingered Poverty and ruthless Pain ;
 Envy came next, and Malice in her wake,
 And curst Ambition that can never slake
 His burning thirst—all these Pandora saw
 And stood transfixed with deep unfathom'd awe !—
 When a veil'd form stole gently on her sight,
 Unlike the others as is day to night,
 Prospicience beam'd full brightly in her eye,
 Whence issued rays of spotless purity.
 This Being but glanced upon the weird-like scene,
 The figures trembled as before their Queen,
 She waved her silver wand, unveiled her face,
 And all the phantoms vanish'd into space.

TO PHIDYLE.

HORACE.—Lib iii., Ode xxiii.

IF thou, oh simple Phidyle, dost lift
 Thy suppliant hands towards the (vaulted) sky,
 At each recurring moon ; if with a gift
 Of incense, and a liberal supply
 Of this year's produce, and the flesh of swine
 Thou callest on thy Gods, the south-west wind
 Shall leave unscathed thy richly yielding vine,
 Nor shall the blasting mildew ever find
 The standing corn ; nor yet my tender kine

Shall sicken in the autumn of the year ;
 For, the doom'd victim that is feeding now
 On Algidus, beneath the holm oak's shade,
 Or grows 'mid Alban pastures ; *if* I trow
 Shall with its life-blood dye the Pontiff's blade.
 But *thou* who crownest, both with myrtle fair
 And rosemary, thy Gods ; oh, gentle maid,
 From shedding blood of victims mayest forbear !
 If but the hands are blameless that are laid
 Upon the shrine, the Gods will hear as soon
 As though a costlier offering had been made
 With salted cake to crown the victims' doom.

FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES, line 409.

CHORUS.

STROPHE.

THE waters of the hallowed streams
 Towards their sources backwards flow,
 Whilst every human counsel teems
 With treachery ; the faith (we owe)
 The Gods is waning. But soon fame
 Will change and bring my sex renown ;
 Honour shall come to woman's name,
 And shame no longer drag her down.

ANTISTROPHE.

—The Muse's ancient strains shall die
 Which sing our infidelity.—
 Phoebus, the leader of the choir,
 Vouchsafed not to the female mind
 The heavenly music of the lyre,
 Or they in turn against mankind
 Had sung ; but ages passed away
 Of both our lives have much to say.

STROPHE B.

But thou hast sail'd with madden'd heart
 Away from thy ancestral halls,
 And left behind the rocks that part
 The angry waves—those double walls.
 Alas ! there is for thee no more
 The shelter of thy widow'd bed,
 Thou dwellest on a foreign shore
 From whence, with curses on thy head,
 Thou now art driven :

ANTISTROPHE B.

—Now is gone
 Respect for oaths, and, sad to say,
 In mighty Hellas, shame we mourn
 Which through the air has fled away ;
 But thou, oh wretch, hast now no home
 To give thee shelter from thy pain,
 Another holds the nuptial throne,
 And ruleth o'er thy own demesne.

 CHARON.

METHOUGHT I stood by gloomy Acheron,
 And listen'd to the dreary, dreary roar
 Of its black billows, as they, one by one,
 Beat languidly against the barren shore.
 Somewhile I mused, and far into the dark
 I strained my eyes ; for well I know that he,
 The hateful ferryman and his strange bark
 Were coming t'wards me o'er that silent sea,
 When lo ! a boat came slowly to the marge,
 Rotten with age, and damp with ooze and slime,
 An old decrepit figure was in charge,
 Who seem'd a standing mockery of Time

And all his changes ; for his ancient face,
Wizen'd and thin, and motionless as stone,
Had been the same throughout all time and space :
Well fitting such a calling as his own.

Grimly he beckon'd to some unseen power,
Who gave the dead into his surly care,
From 'twixt their teeth he took his wonted dower,
And slowly counted o'er his scanty fare—
Then out across the Acherontian Deep
Old Charon steered his cold and ghastly freight,
Towards those realms where Cerberus doth keep
His lonely vigil before Hades' Gate.



HUMOROUS.

THE SMOKING QUESTION.

SHE.

WELL, men are *too* trying ! you very well know,
You promised me, scarcely a fortnight ago,
To abjure altogether that nasty cigar,
You're a selfish old brute, Charley, that's what you are !

HE.

But Bella, you puss, you *must* know I am joking
Whenever I promise you aught about smoking,
And you might have divined from my jocular manner
That I ne'er would give up the delicious Havana !

SHE.

Time was when your breath, as spring flowers, was sweet,
When to kiss you was, oh ! such a glorious treat !
But that sweetness is gone ! what you call the perfume
Of " Virginia " and " bird's-eye " has taken its room !

HE.

If your kisses were only more frequent, my pet,
The fragrance you speak of you soon would forget ;
Indeed, such is habit, I doubt not in time
You'd get quite to like it, and vote it sublime !

SHE.

Then the odour clings to me wherever I go,
To my hair, to my dress, which is horrid, you know ;
And I firmly believe (oh, I really could cry),
That most people think that I smoke on the sly !

HE.

No, no ; but your presence reminds them, my pet,
That my "bird's-eye" and "weeds" are the best one
 can get,
And I know, little puss, you'll take great delectation
In increasing your darling old boy's reputation !

SHE.

Well, that's rather good, you're delightfully cool,
You odious old thing,—come and sit on this stool,
Put your meerschaum away, for I'm dying to know
If your kisses are sweet as they were years ago !

WHICH SHALL I TELL HIM?

(BY A HESITATING COQUETTE).

IF I say yes, all my fun is o'er :
No more flirtations or spoons for me,
No more sweet trysts as in days of yore,
Or quiet promenades by the moonlit sea,
Except with the man who will then be mine
For better or worse, and for weal or woe,
(But then his whiskers are quite divine),—
Which shall I tell him, yes or no ?

If I say no, he will rave awhile,
Then turn away with a cold farewell,
Inwardly cursing fair woman's guile
And the witching beauty that weaved the spell ;
Whilst I shall feel that an honest heart,—
A heart that is noble and leal, I know,—
Was broken to serve a coquette's false part,—
Which shall I tell him, yes or no ?

If I say yes, I must make an end
 Of all my cosmetics and precious dyes,
 High-heeled boots, and the "Grecian bend"
 (All are obnoxious in Charley's eyes);
 If I say no, I may keep them yet,
 For hare-brain'd dandy and vapid beau,
 Whose wearisome gabble I hear to forget,—
 Which shall I tell him, yes or no?

If I say yes, I may settle down
 Into a happy, contented wife,
 One who is sick of the pleasures of town
 And longs for a higher and nobler life;
 If I say no—what a silly I've been—
 Why twenty to one (how I shudder, oh!)
 I shall die an old maid, with a double chin,—
 So when he pops, I will *not* say no!

A PLEA FOR BACHELORS.

Who would not be a Bachelor, with no tormenting wife
 To wheedle you, and cozen you, and plague you all your
 life?

Who votes tobacco poison, who hates the sight of wine,
 Whose heart is wholly centred in the millinery line!

Who would not be a Bachelor, and ne'er be forced to go
 And stare through all the windows of the shops upon
 the row—

At ribbons mauve and violet, at bonnets large and small,
 And then be made—for there's the rub—to buy one
 after all!

Who would not be a Bachelor, and ne'er be called a
brute,
Because to cries for largess you still continue mute,
Because you see no music in darling baby's roar,
And frown to see her pile your books upon the dusty
floor !

Who would not be a Bachelor, and free to ask a friend
A quiet hour o'er pipe and glass at eventide to spend,
Without being curtain-lectur'd by a snappish being in
white,
For sitting up to smoke and drink through half the
blessed night !

Who would not be a Bachelor, with dog upon the
rug,
And kettle singing on the hob, and all serene and
snug,
Without a shrill reproachful voice to din into your ear
" I wish you'd shut that nasty book, and talk to me, my
dear ! "

Who would not be a Bachelor, and free to cast an eye
Upon each pretty lassie who may chance to hurry by,
Without being brought to book for it, and pretty sharply
too,
By a jealous little termagant in lavender or blue !

'Tis I who'd be a Bachelor, and will be till I die,
No snow-white hand shall forge the chain to sap *my*
liberty,
I'll flirt with all who'll let me, but when the Church
draws near,
Why then I'll make my congé, and politely disappear !

THE BACHELOR'S LAMENT.

"Domus et placens uxor."—HORACE.

TELL me not that I am lucky,
 Or that I am better so,
 Had I only been more plucky
 I had married years ago.
 Even now, though young no longer,
 And my hair is dashed with grey,
 Every week my "penchant's" stronger
 For that girl across the way!

Thompson has a cosy dinner
 With his wife and bairns at seven,
 Ah, for me, poor lonely sinner,
 That would be a glimpse of Heaven!
 But old Todger's stale reflection
 Every day at half-past one,
 Has no claim on my affection,
 And I'm glad when it is done.

Dainty fingers, yes, I know it
 (Bitterest envy racks my soul),—
 Press the "bird's-eye," as they stow it
 Deftly in his meerschaum bowl;
 Then by those bewitching digits
 Is a match applied, I wis,
 And with Thompson's hair she fidgets
 Till she gets her wonted kiss.

But for *me*, a wretched lodger,
 No such comforts are in store,
 Scarce *my* pipe is lit when Todger
 Gently tappeth at the door,
 Bobs a curtesy, stands there fawning,
 "Hopes I will not"—(here a choke)
 "But the parties come that morning
 Can't abide the smell of smoke!"

"Hang the parties, and their noses,
 "Couldn't they have gone elsewhere?"
 Gently Mrs. T. supposes
 "That there is the open air!"
 "Leave me, woman!" thus I thunder,
 "Leave me to my lonely grog!"
 As she hurries out, I wonder
 Why I'm such a surly dog!

Oh! how sick I am of mutton!
 (Thompson's wife makes such a stew!)
 Half my shirts can't boast a button—
 (Thompson's look as good as new).
 Mrs. Mangles prigs my linen,
 And the pot-boy drinks my port,
 While my stock of gin's beginning
 Somehow to get very short!

Ah! I see that some one's needed
 To look after me and mine,
 Or my kit will soon be weeded,
 And that boy 'll drink all my wine!
 Come what will (I've been a noodle)
 At her feet my heart I'll lay,—
 Yes, I'll make her Mrs. Boodle,
 That sweet girl across the way!

DOGGEREL VERSES.

BY A DISAPPOINTED ONE.

I WANTED much a dog, you see,
 Of undisputed breed,
 I laid great stress on pedigree,
 And paid to curs no heed.
 Not any special kind I sought;
 "Blood! blood!" was still my cry,
 Alas, my yearnings came to nought,
 My hopes were doomed to die!

I first began to advertise,
When to my dwelling came,
A man who boasted two black eyes,
And walked a little lame.
He said, "I was a gent who knew
A well-bred dorg at sight!"
I said, "I rather think I do,
For they are my delight!"

This man had brought a score or so
Of dogs for me to see,
But one retriever known as "Joe,"
He was the boy for me!
I chose him for his silky coat;
He was both fair and fat,
I bought him for a ten-pound note,
And thought him cheap at that!

"Joe" lived at ease a week about,
Till partridge-shooting came;
And then I proudly took him out
To circumvent the game.
He *did* retrieve—he rather shone
In his peculiar line,—
But then the rascal hunted on
His *own* account—not mine!

I gave him to my grocer; and
I got another prize,
The surest ratter in the land
With little restless eyes.
Alas! alas! his nightly howls,
They haunt me to this day!
He feasted on my choi cest fowls,
And then—he ran away!

Since then I've had at least a score
Of whelps of every kind,—
Three proved but sorry curs; whilst four
Ran mad; and two went blind.

And now, I've bought a dog from Page,
My friend across the lane,
Who when I near him foams with rage,
And tries to break his chain !

MY WIFE AND I.

WE never fight, my wife and I,
As other couples do,
Our little matrimonial sky
Is of the brightest blue.
She never beards me in my den—
(My *Study*, I should say),
She vows I am the best of men !
But then—she has her way !

Some wives are never pleased unless
They wring from you a cheque,
Wherewith to buy some costly dress,
Or jewels for their neck.
My little witch ne'er asks from me
The value of a pin—
She is so good and true you see,
But then—she keeps the tin !

"'Twas not !" "It was !" "It was !" "'Twas
not !"
Thus ever scold and fight,
Full many a luckless pair, I wot,
From morning until night.
If e'er *we* have a word or two,
The skirmish soon is past,
Those words are mild and very few,
But then—she has the last !

TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

BY AN UNAPPRECIATIVE PARENT.

I'm proud to say I own a kid,
A kid just eight months old ;
I'm open to the highest bid,
Will take bank-notes or gold !

A model baby this of mine,
He never cries at night,
For at the semblance of a whine
I always gag him tight !

He's rather choice about his pap,
And grumbles loudly, too,
Whene'er he finds we've changed the tap
For an inferior brew.

He never wants to fight his dad,
Like many a kid I know ;
Such conduct, well he wots, is bad—
I've always told him so !

He never dares to pester me
With queries crude and tame ;
He cannot talk as yet, you see,
(Thank heaven for that same !)

This cherub never startles one
By running off alone ;
At eight months old they seldom run,
As any one will own !

And yet this infant is a bore,
This kid of eight months old,—
And, as I think I said before,
I'll take bank-notes or gold !

THE LAY OF A LUCKLESS ONE.

I've written poems without end,
Of every sort and kind,
But nearly everything I've penned,
Has been returned "declined!"
Those Editors are wrong, no doubt—
Renown I yet shall win—
But still it always puts me *out*,
If they don't put *them in*!

My cherished rolls are very *dear*,
I much mistrust the *dough*;
My rent is raised from year to year,
And my expenses grow.
My butcher, too—that rascal vile,
(To-day at me he grinned!)
Has raised his famine prices, while
I cannot raise the wind!

My mind with sorrow, too, it fills,
To see the rapid pace
At which my Flora runs up bills,
In this confounded place.
I tell her that "it will not do"—
"My funds are out of joint,"—
Her sole reply consists of "Pooh!"
Which isn't to the point!

My children are a sturdy lot—
In number they are eight—
Astounding twists they all have got
And quickly clear the plate!
The baby is a lively elf,
And has begun to *crow*!
I'm not inclined that way myself—
I've been so *rooked*, you know!

So thin I've grown from anxious fears,
With mingled groans and sighs,
I've sent three suits to Mr. Shears,
To be reduced in size.
But oh ! his bill—that worst of men,
Its length I fear to tell ;
He took my garments in—but then
He took *me* in as well !

MIND AND MATTER.

I AM small and remarkably thin ;
I never expect to get fatter ;
But in science I'm up to my chin—
The triumph of mind over matter !

I floored a most corpulent dun,
Who is by profession "a hatter,"
With a racy quotation from FUN !
The triumph of mind over matter !

I've rated a pugilist, till
Adown the large tear-drops would patter ;
(I believe he is blubbering still !)
The triumph of mind over matter !

I'd give a Goliath the lie !
I'd care not a fig for his clatter—
He'd flinch neath my conquering eye !
The triumph of mind over matter !

My wife is immense, but a dunce—
So when she commences to chatter,
I frown, and she's quiet at once !
The triumph of mind over matter !

AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY DITTY.

I do not mind being "out of sorts,"
 My health was never prime ;
 And when I warble o'er my "quarts,"
 I'm often "out of time."
 I'm pretty often "out of sight,"
 As dunning tradesmen find ;
 But still, with *them*, my care despite,
 I'm never "out of mind !"

Lou often lures me "out of doors,"
 To look at silk or rep ;
 A Volunteer, in "forming fours"
 I'm ever "out of step !"
 I'm "out of patience" too, no doubt,
 When cook has spoil'd the hash ;
 But, ah ! the very worst thing out
 Is to be "out of cash !"



BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

It is a proper thing, some say,
 To be a married man—
 All bachelors are in the way,
 Obstructing Nature's plan.
 It may be so—I scarcely know
 Which is the nobler state—
 But *I* was spliced five years ago,
 So have to bear my fate.

It's doubtless nice, when you return
 From shooting, cold and wet,
 To find the loudly-hissing urn—
 The board in order set.

It's pleasant, too, between the sips
 Of fragrant old Bohea,
 To press a kiss on coral lips
 (*Your* property you see !)

But 'tis not quite so jolly when
 The nights are dark and cold,
 To hear the baby squall, and then
 To have the kid to hold.
 An hour's promenading up and down
 The bare and frigid floor,
 In nothing but your dressing-gown,
 Is —— well ! it *is* a bore !

A wife *can* sew a button on,
 But then sometimes she won't ;
 She *ought* her prettiest dress to don
 For *you*—but oft she *don't* !—
 But then, the bachelor's dull life,
 His hearth how drear and grim !
 I think he'd better take a wife
 To keep his shirts in trim.

THE PENALTY OF A KISS.

ONCE roaming through the woods in May,
 When music burst from every spray,
 I saw, beneath a hawthorn tree,
 A maid with flowers upon her knee.

“ How beautiful you are ! ” I said ;
 She never even turned her head.
 “ Oh, speak, fair spirit of the glen ! ”
 She only murmured, “ Ah, you men ! ”

I took a kiss, and both my eyes
Have very much increased in size !
Next week I hope to see again—
(She was a *striking* lass, that's plain !)

THE UNDECIDED MAN.

My indecision, people say,
Has always been my bane ;
I'm small, and modest in my way,
Although a little *vane*.
For fancy lures me here and there,
Nor lets me form a plan ;
I'm swayed by every passing air—
An undecided man !

When with my wife I shopping go,
My misery is keen ;
I first say "yes," and then say "no !"
And don't know which I mean !
But what I purchase in the end,
Within a few days' span
I much regret, you may depend,—
An undecided man !

•

"What suit to-day ?" and then I pause
Irresolute awhile ;
I grope and rummage in the drawers,
But cannot find my style.
A score of ties of every kind
Most dubiously I scan,
Before I'm suited to my mind—
An undecided man !

Which road to take? How far to go?
 To walk, to drive, or ride?
 To hunt or shoot? To bathe or row?
 I never can decide.
 E'en now I fear I've penned too much
 (But publish if you can!)
 Nor spurn my lay, because I'm such
 An undecided man!

FAILURE.

FROM youth I've been always delighted to find
 A well-balanced rod in my hand,
 And with it to roam by the rivers that wind,
 Through this our beautiful land.
 I know I'm an adept at throwing a fly,
 So lightly it falls on the pool;
 But, nevertheless, with fair weather and sky,
 My bag is *light* too, as a rule!

A sportsman by taste, I am fond of a gun,
 And blaze away boldly enough
 At all I can see—till, dejected and “done,”
 My steps I retrace in a huff!
 My victims shoot off with a vigour of wing
 That tells its own tale, I'm afraid;
 The rabbits, *if* hit, won't allow such a thing,
 But dart to their holes in the glade!

I always *was* fond of a promising hack,
 (I'm reckon'd a judge of his kind!)
 And yet when I find myself safe on his back,
 I do not feel easy in mind!
 For a mile we may share the delights of the way,
 But soon after that, I must own,
 He usually shies—and, I'm sorry to say,
 He continues his journey alone.

I once fell in love—it was ages ago—
 With a nymph who was fair as a rose ;
 I dreamt of her eyes, and her shoulders of snow,
 As other fools do, I suppose !
 But she was a flirt, and she quite turn'd my head,
 Till down I came plump on the floor !
 I told her my love, and she laughingly said,
 “ I think you a shocking old bore ! ”

THEN AND NOW.

THEN.

ADMIRING long the beauty of the moon,
 When all the world has wisely gone to bed ;
 Soft pressures of the hand—the nightly “ spoon,”
 The loosen'd hair and half-averted head.
 The daily “ billet-doux,” with every word
 Scored under *twice*—“ MY PRECIOUS LITTLE PET ! ”
 The loving murmurs, indistinctly heard—
 The parting kiss—who ever can forget ?

NOW.

The gloss from Love's capricious wing
 Has fled for ever. No more strolls
 By moonlight ; no more “ murmuring ”
 Except about the price of coals !
 But yelling “ kids ” on every side !
 Cold mutton twice a week, and more !
 No latch-key ! What was once a bride
 A “ nagging ” wife, who proves a bore !
 No buttons on your shirt or vest,—
 No pipe—no club—no grog—no rest !

I F !

To bring down a bird on the wing
Or perhaps to knock over a hare,
Is scarcely a difficult thing
To many, as well I'm aware.
No doubt it's most excellent fun
For snipe through morasses to plough,
And I should enjoy it for one—
If I only knew how !

To scamper in quest of the fox,
With many a loud tally-ho !
O'er rivers and hurdles and rocks,
Is simply delightful I know.
To clear a respectable fence,
With Bella or Flo by my side,
Would be splendid in every sense—
If I only could ride !

To scud like a bird o'er the foam
Of ocean, majestic and free,
From island to island to roam,
Is clearly the ticket for me.
My nautical friends all declare,
It makes you as hard as a brick,
And I should adopt it, I swear—
If I didn't get sick !

ANOTHER'S.

SHE has the most alluring eyes,
A little Grecian nose ;
She wears the most bewitching guise,
And parti-coloured hose !

Her touch can thrill one strangely when
One clasps her in the dance ;
At least, they tell me so—but then
I never had the chance !

Her melting tones, so people say,
Intoxicate the brain,
And leave, when she has gone away,
A joy akin to pain.
Her voice is like sweet music, when
Its strains are soft and low ;
So those who've heard it say—but then
I never did, you know !

She makes the most superb *ragout*,
Knits stockings by the score ;
Knows Latin, and Italian too,
Greek, French, and plenty more !
She's just the girl to sweeten life—
Adorable ! divine !
In short, she is a *perfect* wife !—
But then she isn't mine !

OUR BABY.

I STUMBLED o'er a broken drum
That lay upon the floor ;
I bruised my shins, and sprained my thumb,
Severely—nothing more !

A tail-less horse from overhead
Came plump upon my crown !
An infant hand that horse had shied—
So, I could only — frown !

Three most alarming spots of ink
Upon my cherished Hume !
I know the culprit well, I think—
So, I can only —— fume !

I see two broken vases there—
(Rare Dresden, too, were they !)
Three panes of glass are cracked, I swear !—
But then——our boy *must* play !

At last a horrid crash is heard
(Our dinner set) above !
But Bella murmurs, “ How absurd !
It’s only Baby, love !”

MAKING EYES !

So many things a girl can make,
I cannot fathom why
So few can turn us out a cake,
Or make an apple-pie !
Excuses they can make, galore !
Fair bouquets, wreaths, and ties ;
But they delight in something more—
And that is, “ making eyes !”

A girl can make a man a fool—
See History for that !—
Can make a dress by Fashion’s rule,
Or trim a dainty hat !
But oft—from gaping crowds apart—
I’ve pondered with surprise
On this—her rarest, dearest art,—
The one of “ making eyes !”

A woman makes the moments fly,
 She makes the cash fly, too ;
 For husbands say she makes them buy
 Whatever comes in view.
 But this I *know*, oh Modern Belle !
 (It is no vain surmise)—
 The art in which *you* most excel
 Is that of “ making eyes ! ”

TRUE BLUE !

CORNELIA dislikes silly men so,
 She is so excessively “ blue ; ”
 She’s up in Descartes and Colenso,
 And has read the “ Principia ” through !
 She’s ready to solve a Quadratic,
 And logs are her greatest delight,
 She knows all about the Carnatic,
 And plays the Old Masters at sight !

And doesn’t she get in a passion,
 If any who come in her way
 Descant on the prevalent fashion
 That rules the *Beau Monde* of to-day ?
 In her brain, with its vast erudition,
 For “ coiffures ” and “ trains ” there’s no room,
 And if she were but in condition,
 She’d stick to the bloomer costume !

For candour compels me to mention,
 That she is both scraggy and lean—
 The men never pay her attention,
 And swear she’s not fit to be seen !

And so, as her bloom has long faded,
The rose hues effaced by the blue—
December can't frolic as May did,
And bloomer costumes will not do !

She'll spin you a decent oration
About women's "wrongs" at a pinch ;
Appeals to "the sense of the nation,"
And fights every point, inch by inch.
She relegates crochet and tatting
To the limbo of whims for a fool ;
She sticks to her Greek and her Latin,
And digs up dead tongues—like a Ghoul.

Her boots are, of course, of the thickest—
(She's practical, down to the ground !)
Her step is, they say, of the quickest,
Her lungs—like her logic—are sound.
Male *spoons* are her special abhorrence,
They *stir* up her choler you know ;
(There was that affair with Bob Laurence,
But that was long ages ago !)

She's quite independent of weather—
Her "Gamp" makes the wayfarer quail !
She trusts to her gingham and leather,
And laughs at the snow and the hail !
A spinster she is, by profession—
Her age, about fifty may be !
And she hopes in some forthcoming session
To sit as the local M.P. !

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT PLYMOUTH.

AUGUST, 1877.

THEY mustered—these torches of Science !
In Plymouth's magnificent Hall !
When the Mayor, with his calm self-reliance,
Complacently opened the ball !

The President opened the Session—
Biology moved him to talk !
And many endorse his confession
That Darwin is Cock of the Walk !

But who the vexed question shall settle ?
When Doctors themselves disagree ?
Gwyn Jefferies put on his mettle
Pronounced it all twaddle, you see !

Evolution was bosh ! He decided,
Devolution was nearer the truth !
Old Darwin's ideas he derided
(A nice little squabble forsooth !)

And then came the Sectional Papers
To amateur Scientists read—
The torches extinguished the tapers
And sent them home yawning to bed !

The "*Drift of the Hoe*"¹ lies, I fancy,
 (When riding on high is the moon),
 In luring young R— and Miss Nancy
 To it for a nice little spoon !

Deposits called "Palæozoic"²
 With marvels unheard of may rank,
 But though it may not sound heroic
I'd rather have one in the *Bank* !

And then when I came to the title
 "The colouring matter of hair,"³
 I thought on a question so vital
 We really might turn to the fair !

"To determine the vibration number
 Of *Tuning 'Forks,'*" puzzled me long !⁴
 The problem conduces to slumber
 And then I was always going wrong !

About them I know (I'm so silly !)
 No more than the man in the moon ;
I have to fork out willy-nilly—
 —And that to a pretty long *tune* !

That must be a grand Institution !
 That same "*Co-efficient of Steel* !" ⁵
 Mrs. S—— is my only solution !
 It can't be the true one, I feel !

¹ "The Drift of the Plymouth Hoe."

² The Palæozoic Deposits.

³ On the colouring matter of the human hair.

⁴ On a new method of determining the Vibration number of Tuning Forks.

⁵ On the co-efficient of steel.

The "*Lode*" called "*Great Flat*" is a question⁶
 That long has disturbed my repose !
 Its *weight* has impaired my digestion,
 So *I'm* the *Great Flat*, I suppose !

As touching the recent strange changes
 Of surfaces—"All of pure gold!"⁷
 The subject within my own range is—
 I'm conversant with it of old !

Like Warwick—I change—(don't I grumble ?)
My Sovereigns—all the day long !
 They all into *siller* soon crumble,
 And come to an end—like my song !

A MILITARY LAY.

It was a Regiment all unknown to fame,
 The conduct of its members most distressing,—
 For one and all to *smartness* laid no claim—
 Being fond of *messing*.

The Colonel was a *fire-eating* wight,
 In manner brusque ; in carriage rather *poky*,
 And any man whose stock was scarcely *tight*
 He put in *chokey*.

⁶ On the great Flat Lode, south of Redruth in Cornwall.

⁷ On some recent changes of gold surfaces.

It was remarkable to see the way
In which this chieftain honest worth rewarded,
For to those men who most deserved their pay,
Were *stripes* awarded.

He might have been a *Baker*—Col. Mills !
For daily *rolls* he had a predilection !—
Or perhaps a Farmer—since for *stocks* and *drills*
He'd great affection !

An ornithologist—at sundry times,
The hateful *goose-step* would provoke his passion,—
White ducks as well, in very sultry climes,
He made the fashion !

A *peppery* man, he often *mustered* those
Whose idle conduct caused him great displeasure,—
He sent the *drones* to *cells*—upon their woes
To muse at leisure !

He'd *ne'er seen service*—but he used to say—
Smiling the while with lazy satisfaction—
“ My cherished motto to my dying day
Shall be *inaction*.”

MY COUSIN.

My sweet cousin Kate is bewitching,
Her dimples would trouble a saint,
She's not an adept at hem-stitching,
But then, she's a Bonheur to paint !

She deals not in common-place pictures,
This beautiful, whimsical elf—
(Ye envious, spare her your strictures !)
She paints that sweet subject—*herself* !

She has a retriever called "Nettle"—
(Thereby hangs a bit of a tale !)
A dog of remarkable mettle,
Although he's accustomed to *quail* !
Intelligent, shaggy, and fussy,
He fetches her gloves or her pen,
Whilst she, the impertinent hussy,
Decidedly fetches the men !

She spins in a fashion most winning,
But not in a way that I like—
Her favourite method of spinning
Is down in the weir for a pike !
With booty she cometh back laden,
Whenever she tries with the fly ;
Just what you'd expect from a maiden
Who's always a cast in her eye !

Full oft with the servant boy, Robin,
Who waits at the family meals,
I've seen her excitedly bobbing—
Yes, actually bobbing for eels !
She never has *writ me* a letter,
But yet to the fish—wet or fine—
In case they should chance to forget her,
She's constantly dropping a line !

'Cross country she rides like Diana,
The farmers sing out for their crops ;
She values their threats not a tanner,
But flies till "*Melpomene*" drops !

Of *brushes* she's *such* a collection
Arranged on a rack on the wall ;—
It's a wond'rous, stupendous reflection
To think she was in at them all !

She swims like a dory or dolphin,
Her *mettle* displays with the *oar* !
Is famous at hockey or golfing,
Quoits, croquet, and twenty things more.
She flirts, too, nineteen to the dozen,
And to me she would much prefer *you* !
But then, don't you know, I'm her cousin,
And doesn't she *cozen* me too !

She waltzes divinely, believe me !
Rejoices in straw-coloured hair ;
Ah, Katie, you cannot deceive me,
I once caught you dyeing it—there !
And when at her glass she's done arming
For some new attack on the men,
She trips down, exceedingly charming,
About twenty minutes to ten !

She *thinks* her complexion is yellow,
And that's why she paints, I suppose,
Though many a love-stricken fellow
Declares that she's painting the rose !
Kate's offers just balance her fingers,
And she has rejected them all !
As plain Katie Morris she lingers,
And is always the Belle of the Ball !

PICNICS.

I HATE all your soirées and drums,
 Your matinées drive one insane,
 When people sit twirling their thumbs,
 And looking so bored and inane !
 Far better a cruise in a yacht,
 (If you are not caught in a squall !)
 But when it is awfully hot
 A picnic's the sweetest of all.

It is like some exquisite dream—
 The greenery pleasant and cool
 Overhead—with the song of the stream,
 And the ferns for your banqueting-stool.
 The odour of flowers bestows
 Rare bouquet upon your Moselle,
 And somebody whispers "She knows
 Such a sweet little spot in a dell."

And then when the corks cease to fly,
 And veal patties a thing of the past,
 You two steal away on the sly
 Alone and together at last !
 Your whispers are borne on the wind,
 Dream on while the hours take wing !
 But don't let them leave you behind,—
 A picnic's a dangerous thing !

AT DAGGERS DRAWN.

How sad when a feminine creature
 Has sworn her liege lord to oppose,
 Whose life's most distinguishing feature
 Decidedly lies in her *noes* !

Yet this is the fate of poor Griffin,
 Born under the direst of stars,
 Poor fellow ! his *lunch* becomes *tiffin*,
 For Nancy likes *Family Jars* .

Whatever her partner proposes
 She flatly refuses to do ;
 His couch is not fashioned of *roses*,
 However the fact he may *rue*.
 He snubs her in pitiless fashion ;
 She *nags* him until she is *hoarse* ;
 She revels in laying the lash on ;
 He *bolts*—as a matter of *course*.

Their natures are antagonistic—
 A practical fellow is *he*—
She loves the romantic and mystic—
 The sweet novelettes of Miss B. !
 To science *he* pins his devotion,—
 The 'ologies addle *her* brain ;
She perfectly dotes on the ocean,
 Whilst *he's* a sad dog in the main !

A bit of a gourmand Geraint is,
 And partial to tasty risseaux ;
 Whilst she at such palpable dainties
 Will turn up her pert little nose.
 He's fond of a bottle of sherry,
 Whilst milk is her tippie they say ;
 And he, when inclined to be merry,
 Will vow that she's *having her whey* !

Geraint may propose, half in banter,
 Some archery—perhaps in the park ;
 His Nancy will tell him instantler,
 She doesn't feel *up to the mark*.

When *she* is disposed to be cheery,
He's always excessively mute :
 When *she* is quite sleepy and weary,
He rushes in quest of his flute.

In short, she is brusque and defiant,
 Though once she was reckon'd a catch ;
 Poor Griffin, like good Mr. Bryant,
 Has made a *remarkable match* !
 She takes him up sharply—Miss Nancy—
 Whenever it enters her head ;
 And when he is absent, I fancy,
 She takes up Miss Braddon instead.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

WE couldn't complain of the *weather*,
 We all were adepts with the *yew* !
 And perfectly shaped was each feather,
 That tipped our arrows so true.
 You were in *high feather*, my darling,
 Your shafts were all aimed *at the sky* !
 And one nearly finished a starling,
 That chanced to be fluttering by.

But soon with amazement we *quiver'd*,
 The *beaux* became *Butts*—(what a hash !)
 The shafts were adroitly delivered,
 From *pupils all under the lash* !
 They oft hit the mark, and the quarry
 Was terribly pepper'd, I'm told ;
 Whilst all (to confess it I'm sorry !)
 Were palpably *aim'd at the gold* !

Your eyes, love, did such execution,
 That soon all the *beaux* were *unstrung* !
 And lunch, as a fine institution,
 Was voted the bracken among !
 On the part of the masculine gender
 A savage onslaught on the "fizz ;"
 You called me a great deal *too* tender,
 But then you were *always* a quiz !

Then came tête-à-têtes most delicious,
 In flowery nooks by the stream ;
 What happier fate could you wish us,
 Than cooing o'er crumpets and cream ?
 At length, as we merrily prattled,
 Whilst sipping Souchong 'neath the trees,
 A cow most audaciously rattled
 Through all, and *thus cross'd our teas* !

A SICK MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

LIKE yonder bottles I've been rudely shaken
 The *dismal* drugs I've drunk would nearly float,
 If I am not decidedly mistaken,
 A *jolly*-boat !

What have I done that Dr. Growler's knuckles
 Should tap my chest so smartly that I quail ?
 I always tell him, and he grimly chuckles,
 I am not (h)ale !

He's no woodpecker—though his bill is ample,—
 Nor I a tree—although the *bark* I've drain'd
 Should make me of the class a good example,
 And I'm *cross-grain'd* !

I *must* be one, for every one is saying
 My trunk's decay'd—my stumps are come to grief!—
 And on my chest they will persist in laying
 A mustard *leaf*!

What have I done that I'm forbidden brandy,
 With lobster salad, venison, and what not?
 Whilst pills and gruel at my side lie handy—
 A *gruel* lot!

BALLAD.

BY A BOHEMIAN.

I'M weary—excessively weary—
 Of civilisation and sham.
 I *mean*, since my life is so dreary,
 To emigrate, just as I am!
 A hurried farewell to Aunt Julie,
 And off I'll be over the seas
 To some distant Ultima Thule,
 Where people may dress as they please.

For *here* I must don a white choker,
 When folk meet to chatter and sing,
 Which makes me feel stiff as a poker,
 And is a detestable thing!
 Bell tells me *I look like a waiter*,
 And laughs when I seem rather hurt,
 I fear I'm beginning to hate her,
 The curt little, pert little flirt!

The *swallow-tail*, too, is “de rigueur”
 By modern society's law,
 It spoils my symmetrical figure,
 And makes me a very jackdaw.

Those pumps I can bear with, but, marry !
On one point I'm firm—and that's flat !
No threats shall compel me to carry
That odious opera-hat.

And then—that delectable visit—
That orthodox call “à la mode.”
Oh, shadow of Brummell, why is it
Inscribed on society's code ?
Why doom me to stammer inanely,
Between the conventional cough,
Whilst wishing myself (alas, vainly !)
A couple of hundred miles off ?

Hypocrisy—Slander's half-brother—
Rules Fashion's adorable sphere :
When women detest one another,
It's always “ My love,” and “ My dear ! ”
Small talk from each vacuous noddle
Pours forth by the bushel, and yet
You can't stem the torrent of twaddle,
Because it is quite “ *etiquette* ! ”

Ah, me ! they may bear themselves gaily,
But I would wage war to the knife
With those who thus parody daily
The awful enigma called—Life !
And so, sick of laying the lash on,
I'll fly to some primitive zone
Where “ Drums ” hav'n't come into fashion,
And opera-hats are unknown.

A PERIODICAL LAY.

No *chicken* I, and yet I feel to-day
 Compell'd to perpetrate a little *lay* !
 The many "papers" of the present time,
 The potent cause that *eggs* me on to rhyme.
 The *Thunderer* may hurl his *bolts* in vain,
 I cannot find the *key-note* to his strain ;
D.T., of course, I naturally dread ;
 The *Echo* is a parrot—sometimes *red* ;
 The *Tatler's* gone ; and so I feel, forsooth,
 I *Mayfair* worse than stick to simple *Truth* ;
Vanity Fair's but poorly at my hand ;
 The *World's* a stage—and excellently manned ;
Fun is my *hobby*—they should *hawk* it round ;
Punch often lulls me in a sleep profound ;
 The *Rock* some split on—*Chaos* loves to dwell
 In that refined, inscrutable *Pall Mall* ;
London is cramm'd with sayings dull and trite ;
Public Opinion varies every night ;
 In bringing news the *Post* is often late ;
 The *Standard* never *flags*, I beg to state ;
 The *Figaro* is *barbarous*, some say ;
 There's small variety in *Night and Day* ;
 The *Globe* is dull—verbosity its *sphere* ;
 The *Mirror* should be marvellously clear.
 Don't *take the Field*, or you may come to grief,
 But always try to get your news in "BRIEF !"

A MODERN NUISANCE.

("When will these *long trains* stop?")

OH ! for the pen of Swift or of Voltaire,
 To lash a *habit* which my soul distresses ;
 And yet 'tis not a *habit* makes me swear,
 But rather—*dresses*.

Woman is *tender*, but she *gets up steam*
 In proper fashion when you do not mind her ;
 She's prone *to rail*, and draws, as it would seem,
 A *train* behind her.

Say who can gauge this paradox ? not I !
 But one o'erlooks me as I pen this sonnet
 Who *loves* her *train*, and carries, wet or dry,
Dry goods upon it !

MELANCHOLY MUSINGS.

It's very fine for folk to prate
 About connubial bliss ;
 I aim'd at that, and sad to state,
 I ended in a "miss !"

The die is cast ! That *miss* was *made*,
 And now she's Mrs. Hunt ;
 She vow'd I was a comely blade,
 Albeit rather blunt !

More avaricious does she wax
 Each day, my buxom Bell !
 And when there's nothing else to tax,
 She'll tax my patience well !

"That man is blest," some sage doth say,
 Whose wife his quiver fills—
 That writer never had to pay
 Those awful butcher's bills !

Sweet olive branches clust'ring round
 The fond parental stem
 Sounds very pretty, but I've found
 The *birch* the tree for them !

A Volunteer I might have made,
 But from my chicks can't roam ;
 How *can* a man attend parade
 Who has "*tendrils*" at home ?

Then woman's vanity ! There's Bell?
 Her lace and silks, alas !
 She is no *tippler*, but too well
 I know she loves her *glass*.

For icy winds, as you may guess,
 Her garb is far too frail ;
 But then she says a woman's dress
 Can't be a coat of mail !

I lost my balance yesterday,
 When scrambling o'er a plank ;
 And now I've lost, I grieve to say,
 My balance at the Bank !

The gout is twitching at my toes !
 My shirts are stiff with starch !
 But soon my pilgrimage will close—
 'Tis near the end of March !

TO NELLY.

THE good old year is sadly, slowly dying :
 It is our Silver Wedding, Mrs. F—— !
My ear is closing too ! there's no denying—
 I'm getting deaf.

And now, my love, my truant fancy straying
 'Mid scenes long past, delicious mem'ries rise
 Of those bright days when we two went a-Maying
 'Neath summer skies !

You dropp'd a bit of ribbon, 'mid the clover
 Of sunny meadows, near romantic Nice ;
 And when I found it, gaily bound me over
To keep the piece !

Don't you remember, when we'd fish for dinner,
 For tea, and breakfast, in some horrid hole !
 And I exclaim'd, " This *is*, as I'm a sinner,
A flow of sole !"

And in my fits of silence, when we wended
 Our way in peace, as only lovers can,
 You called me still, although my jests were ended,
A musing man !

And as we wander'd homeward, spouting Shelley,
 Across the dark'ning meadows, it was you
 Who said the fields were like our bills (fie, Nelly !)—
All over dew !

These days have fled—old age upon us lowers ;
 But discord's apple we can never share—
 For we remain, in life's autumnal hours,
A mellow pair !

SOCIAL SHAMS !

WHEN a visit à la mode
 Bell and I are paying,
 Fickle fashion's silly code
 Rigidly obeying !
 Three short words, and off we speed,
 I and happy Bella,
 " ' Not at home ! ' that's luck, indeed,"
 Smilingly I tell her !

When soon after, at a drum,
 Mrs. M. we hit on,
 Looking rather bored and glum,
 Like the well-bred Briton !
 Bella will, in accents low,
 Greet her as a sister—
 Saying, "She was really so
 Sorry to have missed her !"

Some unmitigated bore,
 Who exists by suction,
 To us, through my Lady Gore,
 Gets an introduction.
 Brandy cocktails are the bane
 Of this shallow sinner,
 Yet we feel—our course is plain—
 He must come to dinner !

So I ask him at the club,
 Trying to be hearty,
 Is he partial to a rub ?
 Will he join our party ?
 Does he in my beaming eye
 See a trace of sorrow,
 As he tells me in reply
 He is off to-morrow ?

Oh ! the bliss that fills my mind
 In that happy minute ;
 Home to Bella, whom I find
 Singing like a linnet !
 Now she trills more blithely yet,
 Warbling gladly—madly—
 Yet I told him my regret,
 How we'd miss him sadly !

What a sorry farce forsooth !
 Always playing double !
 Feeling that the simple truth
 Gets us into trouble !

In deception, at life's goal,
Friends have still persisted
Carving on the marble scroll
Traits that ne'er existed !

AT PRINCETOWN.

THEY say it is June—but the month's out of tune,
We're both crouching over the fire—
The pitiless rain, how it lashes the pane,
And the coach has just stuck in the mire !

I cannot get out to inveigle the trout,
Or even to look at the river,
But we snappishly doze, with our half-frozen toes
On the fender—and grumble and shiver !

So as indoors we're pent in morose discontent—
We're both growing terribly touchy—
As crusty, in short, as the excellent Port
They keep in the bins of the "Duchy."

We thought not to get such prolonged "heavy wet,"
We thought to be rolling in heather !
So mean to embark in some trusty old ark
And try to get out of this weather.

The river's too high for a chance with the fly,
Its waters have rapidly risen—
And so it is meet I should fish in the *leat*,
And I *hope* they won't clap me in prison.

"Miss Tor" hides her head—and the skies are like lead,
We must take a wee drop of the *craytur* !
Or the desolate view will I fear drive us two
To suicide, sooner or later !

Some people surmise that the convicts will rise !
This fact does not add to my sorrow—
My innocent art I shall ply in the Dart
If the *trout* will but *rise* there to-morrow !

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

I HAVE often, often wonder'd
At those times when twice two hundred
Years was young—unless they've blunder'd
Much in sacred lore ;
When at five-and-twenty, may be,
Man was still a "blessed baby"
In a pinafore.

To a fair and blushing mate, he
Joined himself at six-and-eighty ;
That was not a bit too late, he
Knew, the sly young man ;
For she would be fair and thrifty
When her years were six times fifty ;—
Something like a span.

Perhaps six centuries depart, he
Still was pretty hale and hearty,
Quite a jovial stout old party,
Though a *leetle* grey ;
Till they got to centuries seven,
When they calmly went to Heaven,
In the ancient way.

ON THE OPENING OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND
CLUB,

IN HYDE PARK, MAY 21ST, 1879.

Of visitors the rarest,
Although 'tis merry May,
The sun shone on the fairest
Of spectacles that day !
He bathed in mellow glory
That pageant gay and rare ;
Peer, peasant, Whig, and Tory,
And all the world was there !

Those chestnuts foot it finely,
How well they step along !
Their Jehu drives divinely,
And deftly threads the throng.
Count M —, with admiration
Thy Empress saw thee then
Do credit to thy nation,
Thou horsiest of men !

The critics welcome loudly
Sir Thomas with his greys,
And on, curvetting proudly,
Stream chestnuts, browns, and bays.
The Guards, as good as ever,
Though composite their team,
We note them smart and clever,
And lose them in the stream.

And so the cortège passes
Before the eager eyes
Of London's motley masses,
Beneath auspicious skies.

Rank, fashion, wealth, and beauty,
Hie homewards with the sun.
"The Club" has done its duty,—
The season has begun !

1890.—A FORECAST !

BY OUR OWN SEER.

I SEE balloons both great and small
A-sailing thro' the air,
Or those who want to go to Gaul
Can take the tunnel there !

I see fat Britons cleave the sky
On wings adroitly plann'd,
Some bound for distant Tartary
And some for Newfoundland !

I hear maintain'd a lively chat
By telephonic aid,
Between a lover at Muscat
And his sweetheart at Belgrade !

A tradesman sends his soul to roam
Beside the purling rill,
The while his body stops at home
Compell'd to mind the till.

A telegram will ring the earth
For something like a cent,
The Claimant's half his present girth
And Paddy pays his rent !

I see the streets and highways shine
With bright electric light,
And Cetewayo's ask'd to dine
At Windsor every night.

ON THE RACK !

THE skies are black—the leaves are whirl'd aloft—
The rain is endless—and the trees are bare !
And I have rested on the cushions soft
Of Mr. Tweezer's chair !

A comfortable chair—and padded well,
With cosy cushions for the patient's back
In hideous mockery ; for though so small
I fancied it a rack !

The Grand Inquisitor behind it stood—
His bland persuasive accents through me thrill,
As he entreated me to be so good
As to remain quite still !

He seem'd a phantom Newton to my ken,
A second Airey—and Descartes to boot ;
He was so very eager, there and then
Just to extract a root !

And there with jaws distended do I sit,
Whilst my tormentor coolly hunts forsooth
For some infernal implement to fit
My very painful tooth !

But happy thought ! I stay'd his cruel hand
With mandate stern—and to his side it dropp'd ;
For in my mind I suddenly had plann'd
To have that grinder stopp'd !

“Stop !” “Stop !” I yell'd, and that relentless man
To me replied in tones severe and cold—
“Please to remain as quiet as you can,”
“I mean to stop—with gold !”

But, ah ! the twitchings of the tortur'd nerve,
As Mr. Tweezer gaily scraped away,
And then I heard him musingly observe,
" All things in turn decay ! "

At last 'twas done ! but still he poked about
Intent apparently on pastures new—
" Why here's another gone beyond a doubt,
Or rather here are two ! "

More agony ! but still my bitter foe
On fresh discoveries was firmly bent !
And not till he had stopp'd a score or so
Was Mr. T. content !

Then with more gold in my poor mouth than I
Had in my pockets, did I haste away
From that dread chair—inquiring with a sigh
" How much is there to pay ? "

" Ten guineas, please ! " the harden'd monster said,
And so I grimly paid the heavy bill,
And hurried home in agony to bed ;
Alas ! I am there still !



PARODIES.

THE HUNTING OF CETEWAYO.

(AFTER "HIAWATHA.")

FULL of anger was Sir Garnet
When he came among the Zulus,
Found them in a precious muddle,
Heard of all the wicked doings,
All the luckless Zulus slaughter'd
By the savage Cetewayo.
Fuming in alarming fashion,
Through his thick moustache he mutter'd
Dire words of blood and thunder,
Raging like an angry tiger—
"I will nobble Cetewayo,
Bag this horrid rascal," said he ;
"Not so wide the realm of Zulus,
Not so terrible the byeways,
That my anger shall not nail him,
That my vengeance shall not spot him !"
Then in hot pursuit departed
Marter and the mighty hunters
On the trail of Cetewayo.
Through the bush where he had hidden
To the hut where he had rested,—
But they found not Cetewayo ;
Only in the charcoal embers
And the smell of bad tobacco
Found the spot where he had halted,
Found the tokens of his presence.
Through the bush and brake and forest
Ran the cunning Cetewayo,
Till a lonely kraal he entered
In the middle of the forest !

Then the corpulent old sinner
Heard the tramp of many footsteps,
Heard the sound of many voices,
Saying, "He, the white man's coming!"
Got into a funk and shivered.
Then came Marter, mighty Major,
He of all Dragoons the boldest,
To the hut door riding straightway,
Saying, "Where is Cetewayo,
For his majesty is wanted?"
Then came forth the noble savage,
On his breast a scarlet blanket
Proudly wearing à la toga,
Gave himself to mighty Marter;
Pass'd a captive 'twixt the soldiers!
Ended now his strange adventures,
Ended all his wily dodges
All his plottings and his schemings
And his hecatombs of Zulus!

MY RELATIONS.

Who taught my baby lips to coo
And trained them first to utter "boo!"
And spanked me pretty soundly too?
My mother.

Who rapped me smartly on the head,
Because I said his nose was red,
And sent me howling off to bed?
My father.

Who docked my rocking-horse's tail,
And drowned my kitten in the pail,
And in my pudding dropped a snail?
My brother.

And when the dentist made me cry,
Who all the while stood calmly by,
A roguish twinkle in her eye ?
My sister.

Who called me "clever little lad,
The very picture of my dad,"
And gave me sixpence—*which was bad?*
My grandfather.

Who, when I told her I had found
The coin was worthless, merely frowned,
And called me "grasping little hound ?"
My grandmother.

Who, when I asked her if her hair
Was all her own, said, "Little Bear !"
And fixed me with a stony stare ?
My aunt.

Who was, alas ! the *only* friend
On whom I could at all depend,
And has remained so to the end ?
My uncle !!

KING THEEBAW.

(*Air*—"King Boria Bungalee Boo.")

KING THEEBAW, that terrible prince,
Was a murderous Mandalay swell,
His frown made the sturdiest wince,
His laugh much resembled a yell—
A savage and horrible yell !

A million of luckless Burmese
Acknowledged Theebaw as their head.
There were formerly far more than these,
But he'd butchered the balance, 'twas said,
With poison—or else with cold lead.

There was little Prince "Bandoola"
And the elegant Princess "Ling,"
Their erudite father, "Fah,"
And their mother, the good "Gin-Sling!"
He had settled *their* hash with the string!"

All his kin were soon butcher'd, and then
One day matters looked very ill,
For Theebaw, that most haughty of men,
"Was dying for some one to kill!"
Come, provide me with some one to kill!

"Oolipay! I'm in dire distress;
Oh, immaculate Oolipay, say
Where on earth shall I find a princess?
For I've butcher'd no princess to-day!
Not a prince or a princess to-day!"

Dear Oolipay, what's to be done,
Come, get us a victim, or we
Of thee, best beloved, must make one,
Thou adorable Oolipay Lee!"

Then he answer'd, "Oh, great Theebaw,
For a moment your energy stay,
There's your fortieth cousin—Hee-Haw—
Whom your men have forgotten to slay!
Bad boy! He's eleven to-day!"

Then the headsman of King Theebaw
Went forth from the presence dread,
And he shorten'd the Prince Hee-Haw—
Who was playing at ball—by a head!
Yes, shorten'd him just by a head!

And the king when he heard 'twas o'er,
Felt merry and soon got "tight,"
And he tippled and smoked and swore,
And passed a most jovial night—
A decidedly jovial night !

HOW THE HOME-RULERS BEHAVE AT
ST. STEPHEN'S.

(AFTER THE "CATARACT OF LODORE.")

HERE they come shouting,
And there they sit pouting ;
Here fuming and raging,
A wordy war waging,
They stand a most irate throng ;
Now fussing and fretting
As though much regretting
They cannot fight all night long !

Collecting, dispersing,
Rejecting, and cursing,
Hurrying and flurrying,
Tormenting and worrying
Like some snarling bow-wow ;
Taking delight in
Abusing and fighting,
Deafening all with their terrible row !

Vapouring and capering,
Grumbling and mumbling,
And wrangling and jangling,
And growling and scowling,
And squalling and bawling,
And jumping and thumping,

And roaring and boring,
 And moaning and groaning,
 And laughing and quaffing,
 And hissing and missing,
 And tearing and swearing,
 And thundering and blundering,
 And querying and wearying,
 And hating, and prating, and rating,
 And leering, and peering, and jeering,
 And dancing, and glancing, and prancing,
 And masking, and asking, and tasking,
 And stammering, and hammering, and clamouring,
 And teasing, and wheezing, and sneezing,
 And stunning, and funning, and punning,
 And stumping, and pumping, and jumping, and thumping,
 And twitting, and hitting, and sitting, and flitting,
 And hashing, and gnashing, and lashing, and slashing,
 And mustering, and clustering, and flustering, and blustering,
 Replying, denying, and eyeing, and crying,
 Tallying, and dallying, and rallying, and sallying,
 And staring, and glaring, and daring, and flaring,
 And railing and wailing, and quailing, and failing,
 And therefore the House they can never have peace in,
 The tumult unceasing, for ever increasing,
 Rolls restlessly on like some huge tidal wave,
 And this is the way the Home-Rulers behave !

 HARD TIMES.

(AFTER TENNYSON'S "GRANDMOTHER.")

(PATERFAMILIAS *loquitur*).

"So Mr. Dunem, the tailor, has called again you say, my
 dear,
 With his 'little account' that's been running a trifle
 over a year !

And Bloggs, the butcher, has written—he was always an
awful screw—
That the devil a joint he'll send us until we have paid
what's due !

“ Well, Maggie, you see my father would dabble in stocks
and shares,
And bought some Mexican bonds, in spite of all our
prayers ;
He swore they were safe and sound, but I, said the act
was mad,
And now the foolish old boy has lost the little he had.

“ So he can't help us, my darling—and there's old
Timothy Wright,
My uncle, won't send us sixpence, but buttons his pockets
tight—
' Here's a precious sort of an uncle,' say I—and can
only add
That uncles of that same type are unmistakably bad.

“ Why do you stare at me, Maggie ? You think I've
a fit of blues ?—
But poor little Jim has on, such a shocking bad pair of
shoes ;—
I can't give Jessie her jacket, nor you a new silk, but
then
Had I been only able I would have given you ten !

“ For I remember when chickens were only two shillings
a pair,
And a pound of butter cost sixpence, as true as I sit in
this chair !
I mean fresh butter, my Maggie, as you will probably
know,
Seventeen years ago, my darling, seventeen years ago !

“ But now we know for a truth that butter quite fresh
and sound,
Has slowly and surely risen to treble that price per
pound !
And of lamb and veal galore we all had plenty to eat
In the good old times that are past, but *now* they’re
reckon’d a treat !

“ For ours are ‘ hard, hard times,’ and the summer’s
unusual rain,
As every farmer felt, has sent up the price of grain ;
And the bakers are laying it on—and one, a far-sighted
oaf,
Told me to-day he thought we should have a tenpenny
loaf.

“ Then a partridge is rarely seen, for the young were
drown’d in their nest
By those same unfortunate floods, but, no doubt, it is all
for the best ;
At any rate, game for us has long been a deal too ‘ high !’
And in these hard times, my dear, we’re glad of a mutton
pie.

“ But still we might make it out, were it not that
people say
That the whole potato crop is in a very bad way ;
Ah, my heart it shrinks to think that they’re rapidly
getting rare,
Seventeen years ago, Maggie, how mealy and cheap they
were !

“ And so the tailor has called, dear—in vain, I’m sadly
afraid,
And I only hope the rascal may live until he is paid !
You see I bear him no malice, for I can safely engage
In that case Dunem will live to a most respectable age.

“ And Bloggs, the butcher, has written—he was always
an awful screw,
Hand me that pen, my dear, I’ll try what blarney will do !
But there goes the bell for dinner ! Oh, horror, to think
that we
May whistle for one to-morrow unless we can melt
old B. ! ”

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

(NOT BY T—S—N.)

BREAK, break, break,
In thy pantry, costly maid !
And I bitterly rue the hour
When I took you from Mrs. Slade.

’Tis well for the lady fair
Whose glass is unshatter’d yet !
’Tis well for the thrifty dame
Who has “ an unbroken set ! ”

And the clatter and crash goes on,
And Mary picks up the slain ;
But oh ! for that teacup of rarest Sèvres,
And that vase of porcelain !

Break, break, break,
In thy pantry, Mary G—— !
But that costly vase and that teacup rare
Will never come back to me !

IMPERIUM ET LIBERTAS.

(AFTER "RULE BRITANNIA.")

WHEN Beaconsfield his views disclosed,
"Across the walnuts and the wine,"
This was the programme he proposed
For Ministries that wish to shine!
"Imperium et Libertas—we
Must still be lords by land and sea!"

Less favour'd nations one by one,
May year by year wax weaker yet,
But *we* shall flourish, and the sun
Of England's glory never set!
"Imperium et Libertas—we
Must still be lords by land and sea!"

Let fiery Frank and bearded Russ,
And Teuton, armies vast enrol,
Peace is the thing for them and us,
And peace *shall* reign from pole to pole!
"Imperium et Libertas—we
Must still be lords by land and sea!"

Great Britain ne'er shall bend the knee
To any power, great or small;
And those who try it on, shall see
Our vengeance overwhelm them all!
"Imperium et Libertas—we
Must still be lords by land and sea!"

Have we not tam'd the wild Zulu?
In Afric's side so long a thorn;
A scientific frontier, too,
We've wrested from the fierce Afghan!
"Imperium et Libertas—we
Must still be lords by land and sea!"

Our trade revival has begun
In iron, and in textile stuff—
On chemicals is such a run,
We cannot make them fast enough !
“Imperium et Libertas—we
Must still be lords by land and sea !”

THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER.

(AFTER CAMPBELL'S "HOHENLINDEN.")

THAT fatal eve, as darkness died,
It spann'd the Firth in conscious pride
And far beneath it roll'd the tide
Of Tay, lamenting sullenly.

But later met that bridge its doom,
When fiery showers pierced the gloom,
To light to their tempestuous tomb,
A wild despairing company.

Struck midway by the raging blast,
The girders crash'd and crumbled fast,
And down that living freight was cast
Into a sea of agony.

Lost was the falling metal's roar
Amid the elemental war,
And fast the flaming sparks flew o'er
The chasm's dense obscurity.

But soon those sparks are lost to sight,
Quench'd in the river's rayless night ;
And still rejoicing in his might,
Tay sweepeth seawards sullenly.

'Tis midnight ! scarce yon barque can make
Her way where seething billows break,
And still the winds and waters shake
The heavens in their rivalry.

Though darker yet the airy dome,
Speed, gallant ship, across the foam !
On ! on ! *Dundee* ! and gather home
Those wrecks of frail humanity !

But none shall wake where many sleep,
Their bier shall be the trackless deep ;
And ever shall the surges sweep
Above their lonely sepulchre !

GLADSTONE IN MIDLOTHIAN.

(AFTER GRAY.)

" PLAGUE upon thee, Earl of B——
Bad luck attend thy servile crew,
Though gull'd awhile, they bend the knee
In worship of a wily Jew !
Inscrutability, nor sham
Veil'd in a wealth of brilliant epigram,
Shall prop for long thy fast-decaying power,
Or stave off Dissolution's dreaded hour !"—

Such were the words that fill'd with wild despair
The ruling Tories and their ductile lambs.
Indignant Dizzy raved and tore his hair,
As to his chums he read the telegrams.
Stout Stafford stared—his senses in a mist—
" What cheek !" cried angry Cross, and clench'd his
brawny fist !

In the hall, cramm'd to excess
With all "Auld Reekie's" Liberal blood,
Attir'd in his sombre dress,
With piercing eyes MacGladstone stood
(His tie awry, his locks of grey
Had not known comb for many a day),
And with a silvery tongue and eyes that flamed,
He thus to canny Scots declaimed :—
"Behold, in each event of this strange time
A thousand signs the Tories' reign is o'er ;
For thee, oh Benjamin, thou man of crime,
A deadly retribution is in store !
Hush'd is poor Harty's tongue,
That erst was loosed in scorn ;
Brave Bright is half asleep, I sometimes fear ;
Liberals, ye may not mourn
Roebuck, who wildly flung
Alike at friend or foe his caustic jeer.
But ye, tried sailors in the Liberal ship,
Dear as potatoes shortly will become—
Dear as the ruddy claret that I sip—
I cannot brook to think that ye are dumb !
No more regret—they'll help us yet—
In fancy now I see them both,
Inspired by my eloquence,
Shake off their censurable sloth !
Weave *we* slowly, day by day,
The winding-sheet of Torydom ;
Give our foes rope enough, and they
Will hang themselves, and our turn come !
Mark the day when we, no doubt,
Shall send them to the right-about !"

He spoke, and once again resum'd his chair,
Whilst hearty Scottish plaudits rent the air !

THE FROZEN-OUT FOX-HUNTER.

(AFTER COWPER.)

AT A LEICESTERSHIRE COUNTRY INN.

LOQUITUR.

I AM "Cock of the Walk" at "The Post,"
My commands there are none to forestall,
From the bandy-legged boots to the host
I am lording it over them all !
Oh, Leicestershire ! where is the wag
Who called thee a "region of bliss ?"
Better dine with "the Bore" at "The Rag"
Than freeze in a pot-house like this !

I am outside society's bounds,
Alone I must finish my weeds,
Never hear the sweet music of hounds,
I start at the neigh of my steeds !
The foxes that roam o'er the wold
Will soon get to laugh in my phiz ;
They are so little used to this cold,
They're shockingly tame as it is !

Tobacco ! what solace divine
Resides in that comforting word !
More precious by far than such wine
As yon beggarly bar can afford !
But the click of a billiard-ball
These desolate walls never knew,
Never heard the trim marker's "Love-all,"
Or rejoiced at the sight of a cue !

But the cattle are safe in their shed,
My hunters are wrapped in repose ;
Even here is that luxury—bed,—
Where I may forget all my woes !

It may thaw ! I will hope for the best,
 And the *chance of a thaw*, and some sport
 Gives e'en to tough mutton a zest,
 And reconciles man to bad port !

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

(AFTER MACAULAY'S "SPANISH ARMADA.")

ATTEND all ye who of the day's gay doings wish to know,
 I tell of that grand spectacle—the famous Lord Mayor's
 Show ;

When all our civic pomp and pride poured forth in
 proud array,
 To do honour to Sir Francis—the hero of the day !

T'was on a grey November morn our good police did
 guard

With staff and staves the entrances into the Guildhall
 yard,

For well they knew that else the mob would swarm by
 thousands in,

And deafen the processionists with their atrocious din.

Ere that procession formed, two bands that Londoners
 know well

Struck up, and on the heavy air their merry ditties swell ;
 But rarer music was to come, for as that pageant fair
 Moved slowly off, the S— F— Guards led with a lively
 air—

A stirring melody, that set all loyal hearts aflame,
 And fired every British breast that's worthy of the name !
 Shout lustily, ye people ! clash merrily, ye bells !
 Whilst proudly in the morning breeze full many a banner
 swells !

Oh ! wear your sweetest smiles, fair maids, who from the
 windows lean,
 To look upon a sight whose like may never more be seen !

And you, ye gallants, let your cheers be loyal, loud, and
long,
As from your place of vantage, ye scan the brilliant
throng !
First march the gay Musicians, and then the Fire Brigade,
The Laddies from the *Exmouth*, in sailor garb arrayed.

Then come the grim quaternion of Knights in steel bedight,
And then the Sheriffs' banners, resplendent to the sight !
Then come the Vintners worshipful, with banners, shields,
and staves,
Their bailiff and their porter, all stout and sturdy knaves !
And then the other companies, whose banners sweep the
ground,
The Haberdashers, Taylors, and the Stationers renown'd !
More bands, whose music swelleth on the chill Novem-
ber blast,
And then the Forest Rangers, come marching proudly
past.

More steel-clad Knights, then heralded by many a fife
and drum,
Both in their gilded carriages the stately Sheriffs come ;
The Queen's right loyal Trumpeters, in scarlet and in
gold,
And then the white-haired Aldermen, who graced the
chair of old !

The ex-Mayor in his carriage, whilst all around him flew
Sinister sibilations and hoarse bellowings of "Zulu !"
And of this lordly company, the last though not the least,
In gilded coach and six, Sir F——, the hero of the feast !

So *this*, the rare procession that slowly travelled on
Towards that grand Cathedral, the pride of Chris-
tendom,—
That stream'd from thence to Westminster, amid a per-
fect sea
Of bright and happy faces, and sounds of mirth and glee.

At Westminster, Sir Francis, the newly-made Lord
Mayor,
Is solemnly and legally establish'd in the chair ;
On which his courtly retinue, their trumpeters and all,
Return'd to make them ready for the banquet at Guild-
hall !

THE THREE AGITATORS

(AFTER KINGSLEY.)

Three Paddies went spouting away at Gurteen,
Away at Gurteen in old Erin's Isle,
Each storm'd at the Saxons, their laws, and their queen,
And the "boys" their shillaleghs stood twirling the
while ;
For tenants must shoot, and landlords must die,
Cold lead is cheap, and the rents are high,
So, hurray for the agitation !

Three Bobbies came up, and they tapp'd those Pats
On the shoulders, just in a friendly way,
And they look'd rather sold, as they put on their hats,
For the game was up, and it wouldn't pay !
But tenants must shoot, and landlords must die,
Though a dirty government plays the spy
On the Irish agitation !

Three martyrs lay lock'd in the Sligo gaol,
In the Sligo gaol as the sun went down,
And the loafers set up a discordant wail
For those whose orations were lost to the town !
For tenants must shoot, and landlords must die,
And the sooner they're potted, the sooner we'll cry,
Farewell to the agitation !

THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER.

(December 28, 1879.)

THE year was waning fast,
But was cruel to the last,
And the fury of the blast
 Struck us dumb !
There were wailings in the air,
As darkness deepen'd there,
But the climax of despair
 Was to come !

Loud peal'd the parting bell,
Alas ! a funeral knell
For those who cried farewell
 Ere they sped
Athwart the growing gloom,
Unconscious of their doom,
Towards a fitting tomb
 For the dead !

But happy still and gay,
They glided on their way,
Till the chasm of the Tay
 Barr'd their path.
When swiftly darting o'er
The link from shore to shore,
They heard the river roar
 In its wrath !

But the watery war was drown'd
In a louder, deadlier sound,
As the shrieking tempest found
 Out its prey.
It hurl'd the land's delight
Into fragments with its might,
Then howling through the night,
 Went its way !

But the Sleepless One on high
Alone could hear the cry
That pierced the stormy sky
As they sweep,
Whilst wind and waters rave,—
Towards the seething wave,
Down—downwards—to their grave
In the deep !

Far distant watchers quail'd,
And ruddy faces paled,
As a stream of fire trail'd
Through the night.
For they knew that dire glow
Was fraught with human woe
As the swift sparks shot below
From the sight !

But the crash of girders torn
By the Storm King in his scorn,
From the bridge, and swiftly borne
To the main,
No child of earth could hear,
For the tempest's mad career
As it revell'd o'er the bier
Of the slain !

Ah ! the hurricane's fell might,
Upon that fatal night,
Has darken'd many a bright
Fireside,—
Whence mirth and song have fled,
Where bitter tears are shed,
As they think upon their dead—
How they died !





